
T H E

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ART. I. *Lectures on the Art of Reading; First Part: Containing the Art of reading Prose. By Thomas Sheridan, A. M. Author of Lectures on Elocution, British Education, &c. 8vo. 6s. Dilly.*

If the consummate assurance, with which Mr. Thomas Sheridan takes upon him to treat the whole body of English clergy as a parcel of school-boys, and the whole fraternity of English schoolmasters as blockheads, incapable of reading or speaking their own tongue; if this egregious insolence, we say, were founded on superiority of merit, some allowance might be made for such superior vanity: but while the utmost excellence, to which this gentleman can pretend, doth not exceed the bounds of mediocrity; while he neither displays any superior powers of elocution himself, nor suggests any thing more than trifling and puerile expedients to assist others, we cannot help regarding such vanity with disgust, and speaking of it with some degree of indignation.

A stranger to Mr. Sheridan's former performances, and the state of oratory in this country before their publication, might be led to suppose, from his very cavalier address to the clergy, and to the masters and mistresses of academies, that till this great man *invented* the art of reading, and came over from Ireland to teach it, no Englishman could read a chapter in the Bible, a homily in a prayer-book, or even a paragraph of a news-paper, in his mother-tongue with any propriety. To the masters and mistresses of schools he says,

"I have observed, since I first published my thoughts on the subject of elocution, that you have all, in your several advertisements, made the teaching of the art of reading and speaking English correctly, a material branch of your profession. But it appears to me

VOL. I.

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that this art, like all others, can never be taught with success, unless a proper method of instruction be first prepared, from its first simple elements, to their most extended combinations. This is so far from being the case at present, that all attempts hitherto made in that way, lead only to confusion and error. To enable you therefore to proceed hereafter upon sure grounds, in the prosecution of this your laudable design, is one main end proposed by the publication of the following work; as you will be enabled thereby to correct all errors in such of your pupils as are natives of England, and place them in the right way of obtaining a just delivery. But as I wish that this art, of which I may without boasting claim the credit of being the inventor, may be rendered as extensively useful as possible, I intend that the present work shall shortly be followed by a Rhetorical Grammar and Pronouncing Dictionary; by the aid of which, all foreigners and provincials may not only acquire a just pronunciation, but a proper delivery of our language; inasmuch that a uniformity in both articles, will be the necessary consequence of teaching English according to the method there laid down, in every part of the globe, whether in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the several counties in England, the colonies, or foreign countries."

To the clergy our Author magisterially and superciliously observes, that such of them as

"Shall hereafter neglect to make use of the means of information now offered to them, will be considered as inexcusable; and their faults can no longer escape notice, as they will all now be obvious to their hearers; for it is probable that this work will be very generally read by the laity, to whom, in other respects, it will be found equally useful and necessary.

"If my Lords the Bishops would pitch upon this book as part of their examination for holy orders, and make propriety of reading, in all future candidates, an essential requisite to their admission into that sacred office, they would do a more real service to the cause of religion than the most celebrated of their order ever have done by their polemical writings."

That it is of more consequence to read well than to write well, we cannot admit; or, if we could, that the former is only to be learned of Mr. Sheridan, we can by no means allow. Nay, we doubt the probability, of which this author speaks with so much confidence; that of his performance being very generally read even among the laity. It is indeed with much propriety he hath artfully dropped the hint, for their Lordships the Bishops, to make the purchase of it necessary to all candidates for holy orders*.

* A shrewd intimation this! for which, however, we do not give the Author the entire credit of originality; having somewhere read of a Spanish Metropolitan, who, having written a number of volumes which nobody would read, applied to the King, for a royal mandate to oblige all the ecclesiastics in the kingdom, the friars mendicant excepted, to purchase and peruse them. The good bishop, it seems, failed in his application; for though his dignified brethren had no objection to make the purchase of his works, the perusal of them was a tax too heavy for even the clergy to submit

How our Author's intended *Pronouncing* † Dictionary will display its elocution we are at a loss to guess; but, if it *talks* as much upon the brogue as Mr. Sheridan *writes*, we shall have as little expectation of its being generally well received, by those who know any thing of English, as we have of the reception of this work. In our review of Mr. Walker's Dictionary last month, we intimated, indeed, our hopes that these long-promised performances might throw farther light on the subject. This we did on two motives; the one the reasonable apprehension that a man, who makes a particular pursuit the sole object of his study through life, is likely to know more of the subject than others, who make it only the object of their occasional attention. If we are to regard this work, however, as a specimen of the mighty things to be hoped for, we confess our expectations are at an end. Our other motive was the rational supposition that the wholesome chastisement, our author received some years ago, from the Reviewers, for the display of his superlative vanity, must have had a salutary effect on him; and that, though he might not have abandoned his hobby-horse entirely, he might have prudently forborn to spur him on a full gallop, and have suffered him to amble forward with a little more discretion. But whether it be, that dealers in words are of all professional coxcombs the most incorrigible, we have here a proof that neither length of time, nor constancy of application, can ensure improvement, where self-sufficiency and conceit have taken any depth of root. Certain it is, that excellence in every profession depends on docility and good sense:

Sapere principum est et fons,

in every art, as well as in that of writing; and it is no less a true than a severe remark of the scriptural sage, "Though thou bray a fool in a mortar he will never be wise."

We ask pardon of our readers for adopting so harsh an expression; but, being utter strangers to Mr. Sheridan, we can most religiously assure them, that this severity of censure proceeds from no partiality or personal dislike whatever; but solely from the unpardonable insolence and arrogance, with which he treats not only his oratorical competitors in particular, but the

to, or the most arbitrary monarch to impose. We hope, our Irish Orator has no intention to urge his Scotch Patron, to solicit any such favour at the court of a limited monarch.

† Mr. Sheridan's styling his dictionary a *pronouncing* dictionary, makes us reflect with regret on that inundation of depravity, which from all sides pours in upon our language, through the organs of uninformed and illiterate speechifiers. Thus half the linsley-woolsey orators of St. Stephen's Chapel call the utensils, made use of in our woolen manufactures, *woolen* utensils; nay we remember to have heard the mover of a bill for encouraging the woolen manufactories call it a *WOOLEN Bill*!—To sloop to a pun, is it not to be suspected that when these orators committed such *lapsus lingue*, their heads were really gone a *wool-gathering*?

public in general. All attempts, but his own, he says, lead to confusion and error. We could, yet, point out more than one writer, to whom (if we thought Mr. Sheridan reads any more books on the subject than he himself writes) we should suspect him indebted for his best remarks. At least, we could point out several, in whose works Mr. Sheridan's subject has been treated in a manner becoming the pen of the philologist and the philosopher; while, on the contrary, in our Author's own performances it has been generally treated after the narrow, contracted manner of the pedant and the pedagogue. We say, we *could* do this; and, for the satisfaction of our readers, most certainly *should*; did we not reflect that comparisons are odious, and were we not fearful of offending men of real ingenuity and learning, by even contrasting them with such a literary charlatan*.

That our Author's profession, as a stage-player, and perhaps his national prejudice, as a foreigner, may have misled him to treat the clergy and school-masters of *this* kingdom with rudeness, is not improbable: but we are persuaded, notwithstanding the illiberal reflections thrown out by Mr. Sheridan on their imbecillity and incapacity, they still stand too high in the opinion even of the laity, to suffer in that opinion from such reflections.

The truth is that, notwithstanding our orator talks so familiarly of first principles, he has by no means so fully investigated

* That we are not singular, in our judgment respecting this celebrated orator, is plain from the following strictures, which appeared in the public news-papers, about six years ago, when he exhibited, what he modestly called an *Attic Entertainment*, in the Theatre at the Hay-market. "—I was last night at Mr. Sheridan's Attic entertainment, where I expected something very extraordinary, in consequence of his extraordinary advertisement. But how was I disappointed! The same dull nonsense about emulation! Not even the shadow of a new idea; the same foolish project about delivering us from all other evils by means of oratory; and this by a man who is himself one of the worst orators I ever heard in my life.—What! Mr. Sheridan a bad orator! Mr. Sheridan, who tells us, that he has bestowed so much pains in studying the art of speaking; an art which all mankind, except himself, have shamefully neglected.—That's the very thing! If any man, has but impudence enough to stand up and say, 'I am the best physician, the best anatomist, the best politician, or, the best orator in the world,' half the world will believe him.—Who then will say, that it is an ill-natured world?—There again you are wrong! It is not good-nature; it is ignorance, universal ignorance; there cannot be a stronger proof of it than that this Mr. Sheridan was ever allowed to be even a tolerable reader, especially of Milton, whom he seems not to understand. The first passage, which he selected last night from that author he read with the greatest impropriety, raising his voice when it ought to have fallen, and laying his emphasis emphatically wrong. In short, I have heard Milton better read by a school-boy. And, with regard to the ladies, to whom Mr. Sheridan wishes a *good delivery* (such was the elegance of his expression) I am certain there were some of the sex present, who speak and read with much more propriety than himself. That the man should suppose himself a good reader is no great wonder; but that an *English* audience should not only bear his assurance, but even feed his vanity with applause, is wonderful."

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he elementary parts of speech as he pretends to have done. His advising his pupils to dwell on the sounds of the consonants, which serve only to give form or specification to the sound of the vowel, betrays the superficiality with which he has treated his subject.

"*M* says he, having its sound entirely through the nose, is disagreeable if it continues any length of time after its formation, as it resembles more the lowing of oxen, than an articulate sound. *R*, when continued, is also a harsh sound, like the snarling of curs. *S*, is only a hiss, like that of serpents. *F*, prolonged, resembles the blowing of wind, and like *s* retains no mark of an articulate sound after it is once formed. *Exh, efb, etb, etb*, have too much of the breath in forming them to make their sound agreeable when continued. The only consonants, therefore, that can be prolonged without offending the ear, are the semivowels, *L, N, el, eZ, ing*.

"To confirm all this by instances.

"If we dwell upon the letter *m*, in pronouncing the words *some come*, instead of *sum cum*, it offends the ear. This rule is general in unimpassioned discourse; but in emotions of the mind, where other notes are added as their marks, the prolonging of those notes, even on the sound of the *m*, may become pleasing, by the additional expression which it gives. As in the enthusiasm of *Phædra*, where she says—

Côme—o'er the hills pursue the bounding stag,

Côme—chase the lion, and the foamy boar,

Côme—rouze up all the monsters of the wood;

For there, even there, Hippolitus shall guard me.

Where the dwelling on the sound of the *m* is more beautiful, than if it were pronounced short in the following manner—

Côme o'er the hills pursue the bounding stag,

Côme chase the lion, &c.

But it is only in cases of this kind that this use of *m* is to be allowed."

For our part, we cannot help being of opinion, with the author of *Hermes*, and our colleague Dr. Kenrick, who seem to be totally averse to the dwelling upon the sound of the consonants in any case; as being destructive of precise and elegant enunciation. The nature and use of both vowels and consonants are thus philosophically considered by the former.

"As language implies that sound called HUMAN VOICE; we may perceive that to know the nature and powers of the human voice, is in fact to know THE MATTER or common subject of language.

"Now the voice of man, and it should seem of all other animals, is formed by certain organs between the mouth and the lungs, and which organs maintain the intercourse between these two. The lungs furnish air, out of which the voice is formed; and the mouth, when the voice is formed, serves to publish it abroad.

"What these vocal organs precisely are, is not in all respects agreed by philosophers and anatomists. Be this as it will, 'tis certain that the mere primary and simple voice is completely formed, before ever it reach the mouth, and can therefore (as well as breathing) find a passage through the nose, when the mouth is so far stoppt as to prevent the least utterance.

"Now pure and simple voice being thus produced, is (as before was observed) transmitted to the mouth. Here then, by means of certain different organs, which do not change its primary qualities, but only superadd others, it receives the form or character of ARTICULATION. For ARTICULATION is in fact nothing else, than that form or character, acquired to simple voice, by means of the mouth and its several organs, the teeth, the tongue, the lips, &c. The voice is not by articulation made more grave or acute, more loud or soft (which are its primary qualities) but it acquires to these characters certain others additional, which are perfectly adapted to exist along with them.

"The simplest of these new characters are those acquired through the mere openings of the mouth, as these openings differ in giving the voice a passage. 'Tis the variety of configurations in these openings only, which gives birth and origin to the several VOWELS; and 'tis from hence they derive their name, by being thus eminently vocal, and easy to be sounded of themselves alone.

"There are other articulate forms, which the mouth makes not by mere openings, but by different contacts of its different parts; such, for instance, as by the junction of the two lips, of the tongue with the teeth, of the tongue with the palate, and the like.

"Now as all these several contacts, unless some opening of the mouth either immediately precede, or immediately follow, would rather lead to SILENCE, than to produce a voice; hence 'tis, that with some such opening, either previous or subsequent, they are always connected."*

In conformity to this system, Dr. Kenrick totally condemns the hissing of the v and z, the yelling of the l, the humming of the m and n and the *twanging* of the ng. "Distinct articulation, says he, depends on the knowledge and proper application of the elements contributing to the formation of syllables or articulate sounds. The most general and simple of these elements are those vocal sounds, which I suppose to have been imitative, and which may be distinguished, after the manner of the ancients, as *animal voices*, in contrast to what they call *inanimate sounds*. These, however, though absolutely essential to speech, are not the immediate characteristics of it. The vowels are sounded by different animals, which nevertheless cannot speak; nay even by *automata* which do not live. The more particular and characteristical elements of speech are those surd modes of articulation, which give a different form, if I may so call it, to the same sound; and are usually called *consonants*, a

* See Harris's *Hermes*. Book III. Chap. II.

term by which they are denoted not to be entirely mute ; although their use in sonorous and distinct articulation requires they should be as little heard as possible." *.

A farther instance of the preposterous expedients proposed by this assuming dictator, when he relies on his own invention, is afforded in his directions for teaching children to read without points.

" As to children, the surest way to prevent the ill consequences arising from the use, or rather abuse, of stops, will be to teach them to read without points, according to the practice of the ancients, who never used any, and continue them in this way till they become expert in it. This will necessarily keep their attention to the meaning of what they read, perpetually awake ; otherwise it would be impossible for them to make any sense of the passages, as they will not on any other terms be able to divide them into their proper sentences, or the sentences into their several members. Whereas in the other way of being taught to read by the aid of stops, they are little attentive to the sense or context ; and think they have done all that is necessary, when they have pronounced the words, and observed the stops, in the manner they were instructed to do.

" It was before observed, that they were generally taught to read in books, whose full meaning they cannot comprehend ; and therefore it is impossible they should give any attention to the sense. This habit early contracted, is afterwards transferred to books, whose meaning they might fully comprehend, if they did but pay due attention to it ; but their accustomed negligence in that article, still continues in its full force ; and they either miss the sense by their own false reading, or if they even perceive it themselves, they do not deliver it in a way proper to point it out to others."

If Mr. Sheridan had here intended to describe his own practice, he could not have done it more strikingly. That children, or even grown persons, who are puzzled to read with points, should be better able to read *without* them, is a paradox indeed. It is well known to the critical reader of any sagacity, that the most arduous task of a scholiast is the true punctuation of his author. What an immense variety of conceptions has not the want of points, in antient authors, given rise to among their commentators ! What doubts and difficulties still, and probably ever will, remain ! Even in the works of the moderns, in our own language, the text of Shakespeare for instance, what different senses does not a variation of points give to the most popular passages ! And shall a child take up Shakespeare, and read him, as our Author advises, with as little regard to the stops, as if they were wholly obliterated ?

But supposing a reader of congenial talents, and capable of
 _____ reading a work of wit

With the same spirit that its author writ,

* See Kenrick's Rhetorical Grammar.

might enter into the author's meaning without stops, we doubt much if ever Mr. Sheridan will meet with a pupil so eminently qualified; at least, we are certain, the pupil will not in him find a tutor so qualified. As a proof of this, we shall cite the two passages, he himself quotes to elucidate his precepts. The one he cites verbatim from his former lectures on elocution.

"There is a passage in the play of Macbeth, which as it has been usually spoken on the stage, and read by most people, is downright nonsense; I mean an expression of Macbeth's after he had committed the murder, where he says,

'Will all great Neptune's ocean, wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No—*these my hands* will rather
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one—red.'

Now the last line pronounced in that manner, calling the sea the *green one*, makes flat nonsense of it. But if the pause be made in the proper place, as thus—Making the green—one red—here is a most sublime idea conveyed, that his hands dipped into the sea, would change the colour of the whole ocean into *one* entire red."

Had not our Author really subjected himself to the insinuation above thrown out, that he reads no writings but his own, he must have known that his explication of the above passage has been publicly controverted. In a pamphlet, now lying before us, we read the following remarks on it.

"In the tragedy of Macbeth, there is a celebrated passage, which, having long puzzled both the actors and commentators, seems at length to have obtained the general sanction of being spoken in a manner the most quaint and absurd imaginable.

After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth, whose hands are still bloody, exclaims,

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this *my hand* will rather
The multitudinous SEA incarnadine,
Making the Green, One Red.

The players used to say,

'The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one, red.'

"This the critics objected to, as a bald and puerile mode of expression, unworthy of Shakespeare. But granting that, *making the green one, red*, is a little bald and puerile, the *making the green, One red*, is full as quaint and childishly affected. Multitudinous sea in the singular, and *making the Green, One Red*, were however contended for and adopted, I think, first by Mr. Murphy, afterwards by Mr. Sheridan, by Mr. Macklin, and, if I rightly remember, by Mr. Garrick; as also by Dr. Johnson, who reads *THY multitudinous*, conceiving the last lines to be an apostrophe to Neptune.—Mr. Steevens reads the *multitudinous SEAS* in the plural, still making the *green, One red*.—It should perhaps be partly with one and partly with the other; concluding with Dr. Johnson it may be *thy*, and with Mr,

Mr. Steevens that it should be *seas* in the plural; at the same time differing with both, as to the *green's* being converted into *red*. Mr. Steevens indeed tells us, that the same thought occurs in an old play, called the Downfall of the Earl of Huntingdon.

'He made the *green sea red* with Turkish blood.'

But with due deference to Mr. Steevens, the thought is not the same, if we read, 'making the green, One red;' there is no glaring absurdity, though there is much bombast, in the notion of a green sea being turned by a bloody hand into a red one; but there is as palpable an impropriety in idea as impossibility in fact, for green, in the abstract, to be turned, by any means, into red. A green sea may become a red sea, but green, the colour itself, can never become red: besides, the epithet multitudinous appears in this case to be merely expletive and useless, especially if it be supposed to mean, as our Dictionaries, citing this very passage, explain it, 'the having the appearance of, or looking like, a multitude.' For why looking like a multitude? Such an epithet applied to the sea has here no propriety whatever. But if we take it in the sense in which Shakespeare uses the same word elsewhere, as meaning manifold, various, of different kinds, &c. there is the utmost propriety in it.—The colour of blood being the predominant idea in the mind of Macbeth, it is plain he means by multitudinous sea (or rather seas) the many-coloured or variously-coloured seas. Geographers have their Black Sea, their White Sea, their Red Sea. And, though a natural philosopher should deny that those seas took their name from the different colours of their waters, poetical licence will sufficiently justify our author in alluding to their appellation: nay, without having recourse to poetical licence, or resting on nominal qualities, Shakespeare might, as a naturalist, advert to the occasional variation really effected in the colour of the sea by floods, currents and other causes: all which, however, being little and partial in comparison of the main ocean, whose constant and general colour is green, Macbeth is made (by a very natural and easy climax) to insinuate that his hand will not only incarnadine any particular sea of what colour soever it be occasionally tinged; but that it will change even the native colour of the general concourse of waters, the main ocean, the *GREEN sea red*.

"I therefore read the passage thus:

'Will all great Neptune's *ocean* wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this *my* hand will rather
Thy multitudinous seas incarnadine;
Making the *GREEN* one, red."

Now whether this critique be just or not, as it was made sufficiently publick, it certainly behoved Mr. Sheridan to take some notice of it, when he republished his own.

The second passage in question is taken from Rowe.

"There is a line in the Fair Penitent, which, for many years, was spoken by the most celebrated actor of these times, in the following manner—

'Well

' West of the town—a mile among the rocks
Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee
Thy single arm to mine.'

It is a challenge given by Lothario to Horatio, to meet him at a place a mile's distance from the town, on the west side, well known by the name of *The Rocks*. And this would have been evident, had there been a comma after the word mile—as—

' West of the town a mile, among the rocks, &c.'

Whereas by making the pause after the word town, and joining *mile* to the latter part,

' West of the town—a mile among the rocks'—

the ridiculous idea is conveyed, that they had a mile's length of rocks to scramble over: which made Quin sarcastically observe, that they should run great risque of breaking their shins, before they reached the appointed place of combat."

Now, notwithstanding this mighty witty sarcasm of Mr. Quin, or the critical acumen of Mr. Sheridan, we do conceive that the poet knew his own meaning, and how to point what he wrote as well as any of the players. That our Author did not know either is pretty apparent. He says the place of meeting was well-known by the name of *the Rocks*. But how does HE know this? If the place were so notorious, what occasion was there for Lothario's telling Horatio, its exact bearing and distance from the town? We conceive the word *mile* does not mark the distance of the place from the town; but the space they should advance after their arrival at the rocks westward of the town; *among*, or between which rocks they were to pass and not to scramble over them; according to Quin's puerile and player-like criticism*.

Of our Author's new scheme of pointing, our readers will please to accept the following account, in his own words:

The marks he uses " are of two kinds; one, to point out the emphatic words, for which purpose, says he, I shall use the grave accent of the Greek [`].

" The other, to point out the different pauses or stops, for which I shall use the following marks:

For the shortest pause marking an incomplete sense a small inclined line, thus

For the second double the time of the former, two "

And for the third or full stop three "

When I would mark a pause longer than any belonging to the usual stops it shall be by two horizontal lines, as thus =

* Should farther reflection on the passage be necessary, it may not be improper to observe, that it is most likely the brave Horatio would not have accepted a challenge to meet at a well known place, where they might stand a chance of being interrupted; unless, indeed, *the Rocks*, with which Mr. Sheridan would seem to be so well acquainted, were something like the Ring in Hyde-park; but even then it would be altogether superfluous to specify its distance, and on what point of the compass it lay from Grosvenor-gate or Hyde-park-corner.

When

When I would point out a syllable that is to be dwelt on some time I shall use this mark —
or a short horizontal over the syllable.

When a syllable should be rapidly uttered, this ~
or a curve turned upwards; the usual marks of long and short quantity in prosody.

“The reason for my using new marks for the stops, is this: They who have been accustomed to associate reading notes to the stops, will, on the sight of them, be apt to fall into their old habit; and as the new marks are free from such association of ideas, they will be more likely to be guided in all the changes of their voice by the sense only.”

A specimen of its use, as put into practice, we shall select from the litany inserted in the fourth lecture.

“O Gōd the Fāther” of Heaven” have me’rcy upon us’ miserable sinners”

“O Gōd the So’n” Redeemer of the worl’d” have me’rcy upon us’ miserable sinners”

“O Gōd the Hōly Ghōst” proceeding from the Fāther and the So’n” have me’rcy upon us’ miserable sinners”

“O hōly” blessed’ and glorious Tri’nity” three Pe’rsons’ and o’ne Gōd” have me’rcy upon us’ miserable sinners =

“Remem’ber not’ Lōrd” o’ur offences’ nor the offences of our forefāthers” neither take thou ve’ngeance of our sins” Spare us’ gōod Lōrd spare thy people’ whom thou hast redeemed with thy most pre’cious bloo’d” and be not an’gry with us for e’ver”

“Spare us’ gōod Lōrd”

“From all evil and mischief” from sin” from the crafts and assaults of the de’vil” from thy wrāth” and from everlasting damnation’, &c.”

Having extended this article to a considerable length, we must refer the reader, who is desirous of a farther acquaintance with Mr. Sheridan’s book, to the work itself.

ART II. *An Examination of Dr. Reid’s Inquiry into the Human Mind on the principles of Common Sense, Dr. Beattie’s Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, and Dr. Oswald’s Appeal to Common Sense in Behalf of Religion.* By Joseph Priestley, LL.D. F.R.S. 8vo. 6s. Johnson. Continued from page 12, and Concluded.

Having, in a former article, gone through Dr. Priestley’s examination of Dr. Reid’s Inquiry and Dr. Beattie’s Essay, we come to his observations on Dr. Oswald’s Appeal. His introduction to this part of his work begins thus:

“The controversy in which I am now engaged may perhaps illustrate the propriety of the old Latin proverb *Principiis obsta*. Dr. Reid’s new principle of *Common sense*, or, to give it a name less ambiguous, and more appropriated to its office, his *sense of truth*, notwithstanding

withstanding the prodigious assurance with which it was ushered into the world, and notwithstanding the manifest inconsistency there is between it and the fundamental principles of Mr. Locke, concerning the human mind, was suffered to pass without any particular notice. I suppose because no particular *use* was made of it. It was considered as nothing more than a new-fashioned theory of the human mind, eagerly adopted and cried up by some, who, in my opinion, were very superficial judges of such things; while those who thought with me, that the whole system was ill-founded, did not, I suppose, think it worth their while to make any opposition to it; concluding that in due time the futility of it could not fail to be seen through, when it would fall into oblivion of itself*."

"Presently, however, we find two writers, men of some note, Dr. Beattie and Dr. Oswald, seeing that this new doctrine of a sense of truth was received without any opposition, beginning to avail themselves of it for the defence of religion, and of some peculiar tenets of their own, in the regular proof of which they had been embarrassed. Dr. Beattie, indeed, with some degree of moderation and timidity, and not much in the detail of things; but Dr. Oswald with great particularity, and with as much bigotry and violence, as if his principles had been the established faith of all mankind in all ages, and not, as in truth they are, a thing of yesterday."

Considering the recent origin of this new empire of common sense, its conquests, as our Author observes, must be confessed to have been pretty rapid: and if, indeed, it had, as he supposes, subdued all the regions of metaphysics, morals and theology, in the space of ten years, it may be computed that, with this addition of strength, it might, in ten years more, complete the reduction of all the sciences! when the whole business of *thinking* would be in a manner over, and we should have nothing to do but to *see* and *believe*. But our Author needed not to have been under any such apprehensions; on which account, though we approve of his zeal, we cannot help smiling at his fears. The very notable inconsistency of Dr. Oswald, though it might involve his critick in perplexities, and give him much trouble to unravel a tangled skain of contradictory opinions, afforded a self-convicting proof that so hetero-

* We cannot refrain here from publishing a literary anecdote, which may give our readers some little light into the futility of the common practices of *Reviewing*. One of our colleagues, at the time of the publication of Dr. Reid's Inquiry, was the usual reviser of the philosophical articles in the Monthly Review. Expecting, therefore, of course his assistance would be requested on the occasion, his curiosity, to see the Doctor's book, anticipated the customary requisition, and he had prepared an article, in which many of the objections, pointed out by Dr. Priestly, were actually made; when it appeared that a *friend* and *countryman* of the Author's, who had been favoured with a copy, previously to its publication, had solicited the office of reviewing it, and had written the article, which afterwards appeared in the Review above-mentioned. That some such artifice was practised also with the other Review is highly probable, as the work was there bepraised in still more unguarded, and extolled in still higher terms. See both *Reviews* for the year 1764.

geneous a system could never make its way, though under the name of *common sense*, against the common understanding of mankind.

Not that his fears seem to have been very powerful, if we may judge by the ludicrous history of this same common sense; as he has extracted it from Dr. Oswald's Appeal.—In exposing the various inconsistencies attending the Doctor's application of his infallible principle, our sensible critick takes notice of a passage that betrays something of the spirit of persecution, of which he had before accused Dr. Beattie.

"Considering how amply the dictates of common sense are guarded by their own evidence, and the sanction of all mankind; in so much that every man must be conscious that he is *playing the fool or the mad-man* who shall presume to gainsay them, that he cannot do it *with safety to his character*, that every man who hears him has a right to tell him to his face that he *talks nonsense*, and even need not scruple to call him a *fool*, it is rather wonderful that our author should want any other guard for his primary truths; and yet he, as well as Dr. Beattie, gives hints that the *aid of the magistrate*, and a little wholesome severity, might not be improper; provided that, contrary to his expectation, the above mentioned guards should prove not to be quite sufficient for so great and good a purpose. But, in fact, no people have been so ready to have recourse to persecution, as those who have pretended to infallibility. This was the case both with the infallible church of Rome, and the no less infallible Calvin. Countenanced by these great examples, the patrons of common sense, which is as infallible as either of them can pretend to be, need not be ashamed to do as they did.

"All possible encouragement," says our author, vol. 2, p. 335, 'ought to be given to rational and just, and all manner of discouragement to foolish and nonsensical way of talking. No pleasantry, no vivacity, no appearance of wit and humour, ought to atone for nonsense on any subject, especially in those of the greatest weight and importance. It were even to be wished that the civil magistrate were authorized to put a stigma on palpable absurdity, in subjects where the honour of God and the interest of mankind are deeply concerned. But as this might be dangerous, it is also unnecessary."

Might not Dr. Priestly have here retorted "Why then to be wished, if dangerous and unnecessary?" Indeed the erecting a court of critical judicature for taking cognizance of absurdity, and punishing the looser sallies of wit, humour and pleasantry, would open a spacious and most ridiculous field for displaying the sagacity of the gentlemen of the long robe. It would be a ludicrous task also, and require the abilities of another Blackstone, to draw up so whimsical a code as that must be, which should bring every thing to the test of a *reductio ad absurdum*.

A more serious objection is made by our Author to Dr. Oswald, respecting the inconsistency of his notions in theology and and philosophy; between his religious tenets and moral practice.

Having

Having remarked how ingeniously Dr. O. has managed to keep clear of difficulties, and steer evenly between the opposite rocks of the *creation* and *no-creation* of the Son of God; he proceeds,

"Now, by the way, I rather suspect that our author's philosophy and systematical theology do not perfectly tally. The Assembly's catechism, which I presume our author has subscribed, and by which he holds his church preferment, says that the three persons in the godhead are of *the same substance, equal in power and glory*, which I should think to be hardly consistent with the notion of the son deriving life from the Father; however it may be *softened*, or rather *obscured*, by saying that this derivation is something essentially different from *creation*. But we may take it for granted that so *pious* a man as Dr. Oswald could not possibly *prevaricate* in a matter of this nature, especially after his own solemn declaration on the subject.

"We appeal to common sense, and defy them to offer a shadow of reason, why the man who prevaricates in religion should not be as much the object of contempt and abhorrence, as he who prevaricates on any other subject of importance." Vol. 2, p. 115. I should be glad, however, if our author would condescend to clear up the consistency of his conduct in this case, for the satisfaction of some whose common sense is not so nice and distinguishing as his, and who cannot split so fine a hair."

Another instance of the same inconsistency our critical Author points out, in Dr. Oswald's observations on the power of man to do the will of God.

"Hitherto," says he, "our author's common sense has always happened to steer him pretty nearly into the safe and comfortable harbour of orthodoxy, but with respect to the doctrine concerning the *power of man to do the will of God*, I am afraid it will appear to have driven him quite wide of it. For if I have any knowledge of scholastic divinity, Dr. Oswald's doctrine on this subject is the very reverse of what the Scotch ministers are obliged to subscribe, as well as to that of the church of England.

"Take one of the vulgar aside," vol. 2, p. 208, 'and point out to him *some* duties he neglects, and some vices he indulges.—He will acknowledge the fact, but will conclude that till God work it in him he can do nothing. This,' says he, p. 208, 'they are taught to say.' And so, if I be not greatly mistaken, Dr. Oswald himself is under an obligation, equivalent to the most solemn of all oaths, to teach them.

"To alledge the necessity, p. 212, of an interposition which we have no reason to expect, and which one in an hundred is not favoured with, is a heinous impiety: for it amounts to nothing less than a declaration, that the supreme being looks on, and sees ninety-nine of a hundred perish for want of an interposition, which is necessary to determine them to do the right and shun the wrong."

"This is certainly very sound Arminian doctrine, but very unsound Calvinism. If our author holds his Scotch living, I hope he will explain, in his next, how he can do this, and keep clear of a dangerous

dangerous refinement, and *prevarication in matters of religion*. Let him take care that this *common sense* do not a little interfere with *common honesty*, and *christian sincerity*."

To this examination of the three Doctors so often mentioned, is added an appendix, containing remarks on the resemblance between their pretended *new doctrine* of common sense, and that of Dr. Price's review of the questions and difficulties in morals. In these remarks Dr. Priestly shews, that the writers on whom he has been animadverting seem even to have borrowed their language as well as their ideas from Dr. Price, who also uses the term *common sense*, but with much more propriety.

In this appendix is also contained some remarks on Mr. Harris's * hypothesis concerning mind and ideas; which, he observes, is so much like that of Dr. Reid, that it might have been expected he would *have acknowledged* some obligation to him for it. Dr. Priestly's objections to the too metaphysical refinement of Mr. Harris's scheme, we think sensible and just.

Having thus given our readers a pretty copious account of Dr. Priestly's performance, we beg leave to be indulged in a few remarks on the general scope and tendency of the dispute in question. And first of the motives of the disputants. Dr. Reid sets out professedly with the design of destroying *scepticism* and promoting *belief*. It is no wonder, therefore, if the *truth*, which was but the secondary object of his pursuit, eluded his research.—Dr. Beattie sets out on the same plan, the destruction of the sceptical philosophy; which he is pleased to call the fashion of the times. But the Doctor resides at too great a distance from the metropolis, in which the fashions are led, to be a competent judge in this particular. The fashion of the times is not distrusting scepticism, but presuming dogmatism. Even the infidelity of the times is diffident and affected: our present professed unbelievers believing more than they care to own, lest they should be thought to fall short of their predecessors; while our pretended Christians believe so much less than their forefathers, that they hardly merit the name of Christians at all. Even Dr. Priestly himself appears to us, as before hinted, to merit censure in this particular. He tells us he "respects christianity chiefly as it is the *cause of truth* †."—What can he mean here by the word *truth*? In another part of his work, he says "The word *truth* and the idea annexed to it, is the child of *art*, and not of *nature* ‡." Surely by the idea annexed to the word *truth*, we should understand something applicable to the genuine relations and real state of things as they exist in nature! §. But is Christianity either the *cause* of these or even of their direct discovery? Surely, Christianity

* Author of *Hermes*.

† See Preface, page xviii.

‡ Introductory Observations, page xiv.

§ Unless we confine it merely to verbal propositions, agreeably to Aristotle. See *Cat. 4. also his tract. de Interpretatione*.

should be respected *chiefly* for the professed and immediate design of the gospel, that of "bringing life and immortality to light;" which we may venture to say, human reason, unassisted by Revelation, had not then, if it ever could have, done. In regard to the tendency of polemical publications of this kind, we are neither so ready to admit, with Dr. Priestly, that Dr. Beattie's book has done much good to the cause of Christianity; nor with Dr. Beattie, that the writings of Mr. Hume have done much harm*. At the same time we cannot say, that we ourselves are highly delighted with such publications as those of Mr. Hume; notwithstanding the following declaration of Dr. Priestly.

"Now I, for my part, am truly pleased with such publications as those of Mr. Hume, and I do not think it requires any great sagacity, or strength of mind, to see that such writings must be of great service to religion, natural and revealed. They have actually occasioned the subject to be more thoroughly canvassed, and consequently to be better understood than ever it was before; and thus *vice cotis funguntur*.

"In what a wretched state would christianity have universally been at present, loaded with such absurdities and impieties as all the establishments of it contain, (that of Scotland by no means excepted) if it had not been for such a scrutiny into it as the writings of unbelievers have promoted, and indeed have made absolutely necessary.

"Infidelity appears to me to have been the natural and necessary produce of corrupted christianity; but I have no doubt but that this evil will find its own remedy, by purging our religion of all the absurdities it contains, and thereby enabling it to triumph over all opposition. Things are now in such a train that infidelity will have every day less and less to carp at in christianity, till at length its excellence and divine authority will be universally acknowledged."

Would not one be apt to conclude from the above passage, that genuine Christianity was never taught before it was purged by these modern reformers: and that infidelity never existed before the corruptions of Christianity? Yet surely Christ and his Apostles preached the Gospel in its purity; and the Jews of old, were as arrant Infidels as any of our modern Free-thinkers! Really these new-fangled refiners on our religion, do take upon them a little more than becomes them, as humble followers of its divine founder; when they wantonly provoke the attacks of infidelity, and arrogantly affect thus to set up *philosophy* as the sole and infallible interpreter of REVELATION.

* It might on this occasion be not impertinently remarked, that the influence of speculative opinions on the morals of men, is nothing like so great as is generally imagined. We may investigate with the philosopher, or dogmatize with the divine; we may doubt with the skeptical or believe with the credulous; we shall notwithstanding be insensibly, however absurdly, led to square our current opinions within the circle of our acquaintance, and act with the majority, whether we herd with the great vulgar or the small.

ART.

ART. III. *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, by Mrs. Chapone, Author of *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*. small 8vo. 3s. Dilly.

The character, which Mrs. Chapone hath already justly obtained in the republic of letters by the story of Fidelity, first printed in the *Adventurer*, the Irregular Ode, which appeared at the head of Mrs. Carter's translation of Epictetus, and by her excellent Epistles on the Improvement of the Mind, renders any general encomium on her literary talents unnecessary. The nature of the present publication, with the motives for it, are displayed, as follows, in the writer's dedication to the lady above mentioned.

"As my presumption, in offering this little volume to the public, has been principally excited by you, and your admirable friend Mrs. Montagu, it is fit you should take your share of whatever blame it may incur. After a course of years, which should have added to my judgment what it has taken from my imagination, and in which vanity and ambition have been sufficiently repressed by affliction, to produce to the world the trifling performances of my youth, which I then had modesty enough to conceal, is, I must confess, what my own feelings would never have dictated, had not two such friends, whose judgment and sincerity I could not distrust, pronounced that so it must be. With such supporters, however, I think myself secure against contempt, and that when it shall be known that both my youth and age have been blessed and honoured with the friendship of Mrs. Carter, the world will be disposed to treat me with kindness, unless that kindness should be intercepted by envy.

"The following little poems you know were most of them written when I was very young, and all of them (except the translations) many years ago.

"The prose essays (excepting the story of Fidelity) are late compositions. I fear the greater number of my readers may think them too strongly tinged with that seriousness, which has long been the prevailing habit of my mind; while others, of a more similar cast of thought, may possibly be led by them to useful and improving reflections. If in any mind they should raise or strengthen a single sentiment favourable to virtue, I shall be better rewarded than by the most universal applauses of the public."

The prose originals contained in this little volume are in number three; viz. I. An Essay on Affectation and Simplicity. II. On Conversation. III. On Enthusiasm and indifference in Religion. We should deprive our readers of an entertainment, they have a right to expect from us, as well as cast an unmerited slight on a very ingenious and amiable writer, did we not give at least one extract from each Essay.

After having exposed and exploded the absurdities of Affectation, Mrs. Chapone proceeds to describe and recommend, on the other hand, the propriety and advantages of Simplicity; taking

occasion to pass a very just censure on the licentious principles inculcated in the celebrated letters of a late Nobleman.

" Whilst the vain man, says she, is painfully striving to outshine all the company, and to attract their admiration, by false wit, forced compliments, and studied graces, he must surely be mortified to observe how constantly *Simplicius* engages their attention, respect, and complacency, without having once thought of himself as a person of any consequence amongst them. *Simplicius* imparts his superior knowledge, when called upon, as easily and naturally as he would tell you what it is o'clock ; and with the same readiness and goodwill informs the most ignorant, or confers with the most learned. He is as willing to receive information as to give it, and to join the company, as far as he is able, in the most trifling conversation into which they happen to fall, as in the most serious or sublime. If he disputes, it is with as much candour on the most important and interesting, as on the most insignificant subjects, and he is not less patient in hearing than in answering his antagonist. If you talk to him of himself, or his works, he accepts praise, or acknowledges defects, with equal meekness, and it is impossible to suspect him of affectation in either. We are more obliged and gratified by the plain unexaggerated expressions of his regard, than by the compliments and attentions of the most accomplished pattern of high-breeding ; because his benevolence and sincerity are so strongly marked in every look, word, and action, that we are convinced his civilities are offered for our sakes, not for his own ; and are the natural effects of real kindness, not the studied ornaments of behaviour. Every one is desirous to shew him kindness in return, which we know will be accepted just as it is meant. All are ready to pay him that deference which he does not desire, and to give him credit for more than he assumes, or even for more than he possesses. With a person ungraceful, and with manners unpolished by the world, his behaviour is always proper, easy, and respectable ; as free from constraint and servility in the highest company as from haughtiness and insolence in the lowest. His dignity arises from his humility ; and the sweetness, gentleness, and frankness of his manners from the real goodness and rectitude of his heart, which lies open to inspection in all the fearlessness of truth, without any need of disguise or ornament.

" Where this foundation of real virtue is wanting, every art of pleasing is but the thin superficial covering of deformity, which becomes the more disgusting by the pains taken to dress it in false colours. No wonder then that *Simplicity* is so sure of attracting love and approbation, since it implies almost every other virtue. No wonder that the heart, where envy, pride, and vanity reside, will not venture to trust itself to the lips or eyes. 'Dare to be what you are,' is a good maxim ; but it will only be put in practice by those who are what they ought to be. Every one may however rest assured, that they are generally *known* for what they are, and that falsehood, like Cain, has a mark set upon it by Heaven. This mark may not be discerned on a superficial view, nor by the foolish, the young, and inexperienced ; but in a short course of years it will

will be discovered by so many eyes that the world cannot be kept ignorant of it, and it will then be punished by the scorn it deserves.

“Whoever, therefore, desires to please, to be respected and beloved, let him first give his attention to the inward state of his mind. When all is right there, outward elegancies may be easily attained, or the want of them easily excused. But if nature and the heart have no share in dictating his behaviour, his looks, and his sentiments, he may be a fop, a dancing-master, a courtier, or a spy; but he can never be an amiable man.

“This, the noble writer, whose letters to his son have lately engaged the attention of the public, seems to have forgotten. Intent on those worldly advantages, which cannot be attained without the good-will of mankind, he unweariedly recommends and enforces the *appearances* of all that he thinks engaging; but forgets that those appearances must be the result of real excellencies, which he takes no pains to inculcate. Even sweetness of countenance he thinks may be put on and adjusted at the glass, like the Rouge and the Bouquet; and that his son may possess *les manieres nobles*, and all the charms of liberal and ingenuous youth, whilst in reality he regulates his friendships by his views of future advancement; conceals every passion and sentiment of his own heart, and takes advantage of those of others; whilst he sets no other bounds to his flattery, but those of the credulity of his companions, and lavishes every mark of attention and admiration, of kindness and good-nature, with no other motive or end but his own advantage. The favourite maxim which his lordship so often repeats, ‘*Il volto sciolto, i pensieri stretti*,’ he thinks as practicable as it is convenient; forgetting that an open countenance is the index nature gave to an open ingenuous heart; and that the best teacher can hardly bring a youth of nineteen to such perfection in hypocrisy, as to give his face and air the frankness proper to his age, and his mind the cunning and design of an old statesman. But, God be praised! we are not constituted to be dupes of every shallow artifice; and a hypocrite under twenty has very little chance of making ‘the world his bubble.’ Scarcely even the weakest of that sex which his lordship considers as far below rationality, would be much charmed with a youth who had been tutored by his father to make love *wherever he went*, because it was *cheaper* and *safer* to have an *arrangement* with a married woman of fashion, than to keep an opera girl. It is impossible to think of this in a moral light without a degree of horror, which obscures the ridicule of it. That such precepts should have been the instructions of a father to his son, and that they should be publicly offered to the youth of a nation where the sacredness of marriage and the bonds of family love are not yet entirely exploded, are indeed most alarming symptoms of corruption. The mean self-love, which is thus inculcated, at the expence of the most important interests of society, must shew itself through the whole man, in spite of the frippery in which his lordship would dress him. Elegance of mind can alone produce true elegance of behaviour

behaviour. *Les manieres douces* belong to a gentle and good heart—*les manieres nobles* to a spirit of generosity, bravery, and truth.

'*Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;*

'*The rest is all but leather or prunella.*' POPE."

In enumerating the vices and depravity of modern conversation, our sensible, and at the same time very charitable Author, gives the following picturesque and just observations.

"Another heinous evil arises from the necessity of being *au fait* with regard to every character and occurrence that is talked of. The word and thing called *sentiment* being exploded as perfectly ridiculous—all discussion of general topics being formal, tedious, and insufferable—and literary subjects pedantic and affected, there remains nothing, when you have done with public affairs and public diversions, but private anecdotes—pulling down, or gently undermining characters—sitting in judgment on those transactions, which though of a private nature, are, by the newly established custom of the times, laid before the public—or producing fresh accounts of them from private hands. I hardly ever heard a conversation of this kind carried on for half an hour, without some flagrant instance of slander and injustice. It is amazing to observe the courage with which, upon mere common report, facts are repeated, which tend to the utter ruin of a character, and even motives confidently assigned, which it was impossible should be known. I have heard things asserted as indisputable truths, with the air of a person who was behind the curtain and knew the whole, which I have afterwards detected to have been taken on trust from the news-papers.

"The heaviest misfortunes will not shelter you from censure, when the conversation takes this turn. If you have lost your dearest friend, we pity you indeed; but we cannot help observing, either that you have very little feeling, and do not grieve enough, or that you are highly blameable, in feeling too much, and grieving too violently; or else that there is something very ridiculous in your manner of shewing your grief, or in some circumstance of your behaviour under it. If you are stripped of your whole fortune, 'tis a terrible thing to be sure; but it can't be dissembled, that your own imprudence was, in a great measure, the cause of it. If dis temper or accident has disfigured your face or distorted your limbs, we can't help being diverted with the oddness of your figure—but, poor creature! we are excessively shocked and concerned at the same time.

"If all the evil-speaking one hears was to be esteemed the effect of malice, one might sometimes fancy one's self in the infernal regions; but I sincerely believe, malice has very seldom any share in it: the desire of keeping up or enlivening genteel conversation, with the want of rational knowledge, or the fear of being ridiculed for shewing the knowledge we have, is the general cause of those injuries we do our fellow-creatures in our common discourse.

"But if the desire of being fashionable leads to many immoralities, one would expect it should at least preserve us from such as offend no less against the laws of politeness, than against those of religion

religion and virtue. It is the boast of this age to have discovered, that true politeness consists, not in modes and ceremonies, but in entering with delicacy into the feelings of our companions, conforming to their inclinations, exalting them in their own opinions, and relieving them as much as possible from every restraint and anxiety; but how ill are these maxims observed towards those who have not yet learned the fashionable indifference and levity on serious subjects! A young person educated in religious sentiments, and warm with the love of virtue, when first admitted into the circles of persons of character, thinks he cannot better recommend himself, than by taking some opportunity of expressing the sentiments he has been taught to revere: but how is he shocked and mortified, to find himself stared at and ridiculed, his gravity answered with contemptuous smiles, or received with a general silence, the distressful effect of which can only be conceived by those who have felt it! Sunk into the deepest confusion on finding himself so much too wise and good for his company, he soon determines no more to offend on that side: but would any of the most troublesome formalities of former ages have cost him a pain equal to this unmerited shame, or the constraint he must suffer in disguising his sentiments, and enuring himself to the ridicule and contempt of what he had been used to hold most sacred? The present pain inflicted on him is a cruel outrage on good manners; but the consequences of it are far more injurious. Such an attack on a young man's sensibility is but too generally followed by the sacrifice of virtue to fashion; and he gradually adopts an air of disdain for all that should preserve him from corruption and ruin.

"Refinement of sentiment in a young lady too often meets with a like fate. She has not the courage to assume a superior elegance of mind to those she converses with, who would only laugh at her pretensions; she must therefore, on pain of being treated as a romance heroine, learn to debase the pure lustre of virgin delicacy and refined sensibility; she must adopt the worldly notions, and the free, not to say licentious, manners of those who have already trod the round of public diversions, and have been hackneyed in the ways of the gay world; till from copying their external behaviour, she gradually reduces her mind to the same standard, and brings down every high thought, every delicate and ingenuous sentiment, with which books and education had inspired her, to the *ton* of unfeeling dissipation."

Our Author's observations on both Enthusiasm and Indifference for Religion, are equally replete with good sense, sentimental refinement and rational piety; we sincerely regret, however, with her, that

"Perhaps it is vain to think of recalling those whom long habits, the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of imitating such patterns, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to choose, how earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion—for such a 'warning voice' as should make itself heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be

led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer falshion to immortality—and not to fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time useles.

Of our Author's poems we shall beg leave to be excused giving a specimen, as they are confessedly puellarine productions, and contain nothing very distinguishingly poetical.

ART. IV. *Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary in London, for part of the Years 1773 and 1774.* By John Coakley Lettsom, M.D. F.R. and A.S.S. and Physician to the General Dispensary. 8vo. 6s. Dilly.

The very laudable charity, on which Dr. Lettsom's attendance appears to have furnished him with the materials for this publication is situated in Aldersgate Street, London: where a physician attends daily to give advice to such out-patients as come recommended, and to visit the home-patients at their place of abode, as occasion may require. The qualification for a governor is the annual subscription of two guineas, or a benefaction of ten guineas, which intitles him to the recommendation of two patients. A plan of the institution is prefixed to the Memoirs, together with a sensible introduction, in which the judicious and humane writer represents the great utility of such institutions in a very just and striking light.

“The poor, says he, are a large, as well as useful part of the community; they supply both the necessary and ornamental articles of life; and they have, therefore, a just claim to the protection of the rich, whose interests must direct them to encourage the industrious in their employments, to frame laws for the maintenance of their rights, and to succour them in the misfortunes to which they are unavoidably incident.

“This mutual obligation between the rich and the poor, neither of whom could long subsist without the aid of the other, has in all nations formed the most natural and permanent ground of intercourse between the different degrees of the people; the artizan always depending upon the affluent for employment, and the success of the artizan being always necessary to the ease and convenience of the affluent.

“In a country, where many individuals are enriched by commerce, and where all people are possessed of civil liberty, and the unrestrained exercise of their faculties, the ornamental and necessary arts must unavoidably flourish: but, wherever many persons are employed, labour must be cheap; the earnings, therefore, of the artizan will seldom exceed his expences; and as many of these arts depend upon circumstances, changeable in their nature, multitudes must thereby be liable to suffer a temporary poverty.

“However, whilst health continues, the resources which daily open to the industrious in a trading country, afford also a temporary
subsistence

subsistence to their families: but a long continuance of health is the lot of few; the poor, from the occasional want of employment and wholesome food, from exposure to all changes of the weather, and from various other causes, are often visited with sickness, as well as with poverty; one, indeed, is consequent upon the other; and thereby they become the immediate objects of assistance; it is then peculiarly necessary that the hand of pity should be extended, to soften the pangs of a sick bed, and to restore health and ease to the poor in affliction.

“ But affecting as the picture of poverty united with disease may appear, it serves to heighten our approbation of the generous and benevolent spirit, which every quarter of this city nobly exhibits; the numerous hospitals, and other munificent receptacles for our distressed fellow-creatures, are undeniable proofs of the piety, compassion and liberality of the opulent, which no preceding age ever afforded.

“ Greece had her exquisite statues, and Rome her public baths and edifices; but Christianity hath introduced genuine compassion and beneficence, unknown both to ancient Greece and Rome.”

The writer proceeds to apologize for that misconduct in the poor and indigent, which gives such frequent offence to the wealthy and fastidious; presenting us with a very moving picture, drawn by the faithful hand of his own experience.

“ During the last year, I have attended nearly seventeen hundred poor persons, into many of whose habitations I have entered, and been conversant with their sufferings, and their resignation under them; in both of which they have exceeded many of their fellow-creatures, whose lot has cast them in a superior station, and whose contentment under temporary miseries, should ever be sustained by this comparative reflection;

“ What myriads wish to be as blest as I! SHENSTONE.

“ Great cities are like painted sepulchres; their public avenues, and stately edifices, seem to preclude the very possibility of distress and poverty: but if we pass beyond this superficial veil, the scene will be reversed; the pleasing lights and shades of the picture will be blended with, and lost in, a dark back ground.

“ A man conversant only with the common concerns of life, would infer, upon the least reflection, that as families, in the middle station, with the utmost circumspection, cannot restrain their expences under some hundred pounds a year; the labouring poor, and many ingenious artizans, who cannot possibly acquire more than forty or fifty pounds in the same time, must be liable to suffer much distress, either when out of employment, or when visited with sickness: temperance and labour render them prolific; and to support a numerous family with all the necessaries of life, by their small earnings, is an invincible proof of the economy and industry that generally prevail among them.

“ Sometimes, indeed, by successive attacks of illness, they are incapable of procuring the common necessaries of life; they have literally wanted bread, as well as cloaths; and, instead of a bed, I have often seen an old oil cloth substituted, and the whole furniture

of it has been a worn-out blanket, insufficient to hide what decency requires. On such a couch I have found a husband, a wife, and two or three children, at once chained by disease, without any resources to procure a morsel of bread; they have thus continued till the payment for their wretched dwellings became due, when this dismal confinement has been changed for the horrible restraint of a prison, loaded with putridity and poison."

Our Author hath divided his work into nine sections. The *first* contains observations on Fevers, with symptoms of putrefaction. Under this head Dr. Lettsom, displays not only the judicious physician, by adopting the most rational system, with the approved, and the most salutary methods, of cure, but gives a proof of the little necessity there was for his apology as a writer for inattention to elegance of style; the medical world affording few tracts written in a more easy and agreeable manner*.

Section II. treats of Opium; and contains speculations on its *modus operandi*, with observations and reflections on its efficacy and use. After just hinting at the different opinions that have been started in the physical world respecting the nerves, he observes, that the

"Many hypotheses that have been suggested for explaining the effects of opium, do not deserve any comment; as the quantity of this medicine, usually prescribed as a dose, is too small to produce any considerable change in our mass of blood; unless it operated by means of a ferment, which, I believe, no body supposes.

"Add to this, the suddenness of the operation of opium upon the stomach, in cases where its weight has been found not at all diminished †.

"That opium does not act upon the blood, but upon the nervous power alone, appears from many instances ‡; where its application to particular parts of the body has diminished the sensibility and mobility of such parts, without affecting the rest of the system: it acts likewise upon parts entirely separated from the rest of the system, and takes off both the sensibility and irritability of living animals after the circulation of the blood has ceased; as appear by experiments made on frogs, when the heart had been taken out of the body §.

"If opium, therefore, diminishes the motion of the brain, and its energy on the whole system, it certainly also relaxes the arterial system ||, and thereby gives opportunity to the expansion of the

* As professed critics, however, into whose province even verbal criticism claims the disputed privilege of intrusion, we must not forbear to mention a trifling inaccuracy, that has escaped the Doctor in the initials indicating the addition to his name in the title-page; which, is as bad in a scholar as in an illiterate man would be the blunder of misspelling his own name. Dr. Lettsom styles himself F.R. and A.S.S. making the latter S. standing for *Socius*, answer to F.R. as well as to A.S. But the former initials denote an English title, in which F. stands for *fellow*. Both titles should have been in the same language, therefore if either was abbreviated, the addition should have been R.S. and A.S.S. or F.R.S. and A.S. or without abbreviation F.R.S. and F.A.S.

† Edinb. med. essays, vol. 5. 154.

‡ Vide Whytt on opium.

§ Whytt's

Works, 4to. edit. p. 316.

|| Ib. p. 326.

blood, which is in some degree an elastic fluid; and as the heart is not able to propel the blood so fast, it is accumulated in the large vessels. This accumulation will also be increased, by the diminution of many of the secretions from the same causes.

"Besides, as opium lessens the frequency of respiration, the blood has less free passage through the lungs; and hence is accumulated in the large veins, and occasions a turgescence in the brain*, by which means the vessels of the brain are less able to propel their contents †: yet this turgescence does not take place in time, to account for the narcotic effects of opium.

"But from what has been said it appears, that opium, by its sedative power on the nervous fluid, diminishing sensibility and irritability ‡, induces sleep; and this will apply to explain the effects of it in diminishing pain, and the motions of the system, and in lessening evacuations § in general.

"Besides the sedative effects of opium just mentioned, in many cases it operates also as a stimulus, or excitement to the action of the brain, and motions of the heart and large arteries, which stimulant power takes place in general before the sedative.

"From this mixed quality of sedative, and stimulant, we can explain the reason why opium induces delirium, as this effect is never excited when the sedative power alone prevails.

"Upon these different principles also it is, that the contrary opinions of Haller || and Whytt **, respecting the action of the heart from the use of opium, are easily reconcileable.

"But, besides these two effects, opium is also found to produce atonia, and to leave the system more irritable than it was before, after the sedative effects have passed off; probably because the sensibility of the system is sooner recovered, than the tone of the muscular fibres.

"Hence it is obvious, that the application of this remedy will be attended with many difficulties, as it is not easy to determine, before hand, how far the one or the other power will operate."

The Author proceeds to throw out some observations that may tend to obviate these difficulties, respecting the administration of this powerful drug, well worthy the attention of practitioners.

Section III. Contains observations on a species of Leprosy; the peculiar appearance of which is, as the Doctor observes, better known than the method of cure. It is called by Sauvages, in his Nosologia, *Lepra ichthyosis*, and is here particularly described, with a method of cure, recommended by successful practice.

Section IV. Contains a defence of Inoculation; in which many plausible arguments, lately urged against that salutary practice are satisfactorily answered.

* Tralles de opio, p. 89.

† Ib. p. 243.

‡ Whytt's Works, 4to. edit.

§ Elem. phys. tom. 5. p. 609.

A. C. Götting. v.

2. p. 147, 154.

** Whitt's Works, 4to. p. 312 & seq.

Section V. Contains the Doctor's method of treating the confluent Small-pox, elucidated by various cases. These are introduced with the following pathetic exordium.

"It is a melancholy truth, that numbers of the most healthy and vigorous part of the youth, are victims to the natural small-pox; and although a method of obviating this fatality by inoculation is put into our hands, many, from various motives which demand our indulgence, are still deterred from embracing so salutary a medium. The faculty, who are placed as the guardian angels of health, can but advise those under their protection; compulsion is not their prerogative, but duty and humanity call them to relieve the afflicted in every calamity; and none to which the human body is liable, can be more affecting to observe, or more difficult to cure, than a bad kind of the small pox: we see, with no less horror than pity, a friend, a relation, no more the same; and pathetically exclaim with the poet,

"———Thou poor, pale piece

"Of out-cast earth, in darkness—what a change. YOUNG.

"It has been my lot to undergo this melancholy experience; and I doubt not but many more can recall with sorrow the memory of an intimate friend, or a dear relation, hastily snatched from them by this disease; and have likewise been witnesses to the most piercing groans of others tortured beyond expression, who have cried out with agony, Oh that I had been inoculated! but alas, the conviction arrives too late, and they become silent monuments in favour of inoculation.

"Under many circumstances of this kind, it often happens, that medicines cannot be taken; and indeed I have tried, without effect, the usual methods of relief; air, bark, and antiseptics, having proved insufficient to avert the stroke of death.

"Hæret lateri lethalis arundo. VIRGIL.

"This first induced me to endeavour to find other remedies more efficacious, as every man must be pained to recommend to the next patient he visits, what proved ineffectual in a preceding case, altho' authorized by antiquity and eminent moderns; and if the method I have adopted do not appear sufficiently established by facts, I presume the importance of the suggestion may merit the future inquiry of the faculty at least."

Section VI. Contains remarks on the Hooping-cough, Kink-cough or Pertussis.

Section VII. Cases and Reflections. Sections VIII. Tables of diseases during one year; being a Register of the diseases and deaths, which fell under the Doctor's observation in his attendance on the General Dispensary for a period of twelve-months. Section IX. Contains, as a necessary appendix, the Formulæ of medicines used in the General Dispensary; of which we can only say the recipes appear to be elegant and promise to be efficacious.

On the whole, we may venture to recommend this publication, not only to the public in general, but as particularly deserving the attentive perusal of the faculty.

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ART. V. *Hints and Essays, Theological and Moral, intended briefly to expose the corrupt Principles of Calvinism, and briefly to offer other Principles better corresponding with Reason and Scripture. Published more especially for the Benefit of the younger Part of Calvinistical Christians: With a Prefatory Address to such young Persons. By a Layman. Small 8vo. 3s. J. Johnson.*

The first essay in this publication, which, though not strictly orthodox, appears to have proceeded from motives of genuine religion and piety, is an answer to the question, "Whether Reason be the proper Judge of Scripture;" which the Essayist determines in the affirmative. By *reason*, however, he means both the *intuitive* and *intellectual* powers of the human mind; between which he should have made a proper distinction. On the premises assumed, nevertheless, he proceeds to reason forcibly; starting all the common objections that have been made to his notions, and endeavouring to refute them.

"Yet there is a large number of Christians, says he, who affirm, that what is absolutely necessary to salvation, though written in the Bible, cannot be understood without a further revelation from Heaven. But I should be glad to know how they were informed of this. I would also wish a person of this sort to tell how that *can* be a revelation which *cannot be understood*. And why does such a person prefer the Bible to the Koran? If you were to ask him, I doubt not, he would very readily assign you a reason; and most probably it would be drawn from the superior excellence of the Bible; though, at the same time, he would tell you, *that reason is no judge of the contents of the book which he prefers*. And, notwithstanding this *principle*, which he thinks to be of the greatest importance, he would not scruple to give you his reasons, why he differs from some of his fellow-Christians with respect to various points of doctrine. What is this man doing? Certainly he is reasoning concerning the doctrines of scripture: and that doctrine he rejects (as not scriptural), and this he receives.—Why?—Because he thinks he has *reason*.

"If the scriptures be not cognizable by any faculties we possess, to what end should we study them? And how are we in any sort *blameworthy* for not obeying the gospel? Since we cannot *obey* what we cannot *understand*. 'But we may understand when enlightened by the grace of God, though not before.' Yet how do we know that the ever blessed God doth at all communicate his influence, further than to maintain our existence? If the Bible tells us he does; how do we know the Bible tells us so, unless when we read that book we *understand it*? If we do *not* understand it, we cannot get our information from thence. If *you* have had a particular revelation from God, acquainting you *that there is no revelation in the Bible*, be so good as to give us proof.

"Should it be said, 'We are all endowed (either naturally or supernaturally) with a capacity to understand from the word of God thus much. That there is a great deal to be known, in order to salvation, which (though found in the Bible) cannot be understood without a
further

further supernatural revelation:—I must confess, for my part, that I have *not* this capacity. And I am persuaded, whatever any man may imagine, *neither has he*. If he has, he can make it evident to all candid people, that the proposition here mentioned is warranted by the Bible: for I suppose him to acknowledge we are all able to judge of this matter.”

We do not by any means approve of our Author's concluding that because *he* has *not* felt the operation of grace, *no other* person, though professing it, *has*. It is surely a deduction both uncharitable and inconclusive. Again, he imputes to *reason* a power still more foreign to it than intuition; making it not only a judge of truth and falsehood, but also of moral good and evil. But the latter depends so much on physical good and evil, that the gratification of our senses, appetites and passions, necessarily mingles with our association of ideas, and makes a sense of moral good and evil depend as much, if not more, on *sentiment* than *reason*. Some writers have attributed the discernment of moral good and evil totally to a *moral sense* implanted in the human mind, and acting almost independent of the powers of ratiocination: nay, some late dogmatists on common sense have even gone so far as to affirm, that we actually *feel* most of those truths, which Locke and others maintain, that we deduce from the intellectual operations of the understanding. Be this, however, as it may, certain it is, that as man is a compound of sense and sensibility, reason and appetite, the human mind is influenced both by argument and sentiment; so that it is not merely as *rational* beings that in reading a book “we judge of the contents of its doctrines, whether they be true or false; and of its moral tendency, whether it be good or otherwise.” Hence we do not think, with him, that the *internal character* of the gospel is best judged of by bringing it to the *test of reason*; or that the voice of *human reason* can best convince us of the *divine excellence* of the gospel. It is for the same reason that we do not join with our Author in the conclusion he so triumphantly draws from his premises.

“Now, seeing we are qualified as *rational beings*, to judge concerning true and false, good and evil: and seeing we know not that any thing is true or false, good or evil, but as the voice of *reason* pronounces concerning it: and seeing the above quotations so plainly indicate the following proposition to be a *true* one, I think we may safely judge, *that men, as rational beings, are in a capacity to understand the Scriptures*. And, if so, it should seem we are *in duty bound* to admit no interpretation of scripture which *reason* doth not approve and authorize. And, therefore, we are *obliged in conscience* to bring all doctrines, even those said to be most orthodox and scriptural, to the *test of reason*, and to receive or reject them according as they will or will not *endure* that test.”

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In a note to the former part of the above passage, the Author says, "One would think that neither of these two articles [respecting our qualification to judge of truth and falshood, good and evil, as rational beings, and the impossibility of knowing either but by reason] could be denied by any sober man, when, at the same time, he uses his reason in determining of true and false, good and evil; and never determines but according to the verdict of his reason." But this, for the reasons alledged, we do not think to be always the case. Our Author says, indeed, that reason always determines, whether the determination be right or wrong; for that there is *true* and there is *false* reasoning.—He has, it is true, given here a proof of there being *false reasoning*, by substituting that word for *reason*, or his supposed universal judge of truth and falshood, good and evil. But with logicians this change will not pass. Whatever diversity there may be in *reasoning*, there is no such difference in *reason*. Men may misunderstand each other, may mistake the terms of dispute, or attach different ideas to the same words; but in the inference they draw from the same premises, the most ignorant clown reasons as truly as a Bacon or a Newton.

The Highland loon, the Lowland lout,
Wild Irish fierce, and Cambrian stout,
The boor that Rhyndland's polder drains,
Tho' reason slumber in his brains,
All, the same premises in view,
The same conclusions ever drew.

We will not yet so far discredit even human reason, as not to own, that from its dictates alone we conceive ourselves taught, that "the incapacity of man to read the scriptures so as to understand them to salvation, without the immediate assistance of divine grace," is the true scriptural doctrine.

Our Author, indeed, has dressed up a poor, imaginary, enthusiastic calvinist, placed him, like a man of straw, before his readers, and then manfully knocked the phantom down. But we really think this affected triumph too pompous for so paltry a victory.

The next tract is entitled, "Hints prefixed to the Rev. Mr. Mason's Treatise on Self-knowledge." In this, and the post-script annexed to it, the Author aims at making a curious distinction, in the doctrine of atonement, between the merits of a vicarious punishment, and that of the obedience and worthiness of our Saviour.

The third piece, is a letter to the Rev. Mr. D——; in which the Author gives his reasons for withdrawing himself from his ministry. Here also the writer maintains the validity of reason to judge of the scriptures; affecting to treat with some contempt the

the calvinistical notion of its *deceitfulness*.—Of the deception of the senses, both intellectual and corporeal, both of our *feelings* and *apprehensions*, we have had many instances; but of the deceitfulness of the faculty of reasoning on them, we know of none that do not arise from its imperfection or rather our incapacity for comprehending the subject. That there are objects of too vast and sublime extent for human reason to judge of, may be readily admitted; without admitting, that it *deceives us* in regard to the proper objects of its investigation. We shall pass over the trite arguments of our Author, respecting the doctrine of the trinity, predestination, eternal reprobation, &c. as those subjects have been often canvassed more at large by other writers; taking leave of our pious Layman, by recommending to the reader the perusal of his two last essays; the one on Pride, and the other on Divine Love.

ART. VI. *Mr. Bentley, the Rural Philosopher: A Tale.* 2 vol. 12mo. 6s. Goldsmith.

Amidst the quantity of literary trash, ejected from the press under the title of tales and novels, we now and then meet with a production, so totally different from the rest of the rubbish with which it is conveyed to our hands, that we read it with surprise and reflect with satisfaction on the adage, *In stercore invenias aurum*. That we may not, therefore resemble the cock in the fable, who threw aside a gem to pick up a barley-corn, we shall bestow a larger space in our Review, for an extract or two from the *Rural Philosopher*, that we mean in general to allot for performances of this kind.

Of the story of this little tale we shall say nothing; as it appears to have been made only the vehicle of the Author's observations and reflections on life and manners; which do him not the less honour, for savouring somewhat of singularity and differing, in many instances, from the maxims prescribed by custom to society in general.

Mr. Bentley is introduced to us as a gentleman who retired into the country in the prime of life; happily possessed of a large benevolent heart and a quick susceptible understanding; devoting his genius and his time to the service of his fellow creatures, and particularly to the education of a promising son and amiable daughter. Near him resided a Mr. Fairfield, a person with whom similar situation and sentiments had formed a faithful friendship,

“ These two friends were one evening retired from the employment of their useful day, to a summer house in Mr. Bentley's garden, and as sound precepts were constantly mixed with every discourse, how-
ever

ever trivial the subject, Master and Miss Bentley, and Master Fairfield, were present. Miss Betsey, who was mistress of a sweet voice, and an accurate ear, had sung the customary evening hymn, which she prettily accompanied with her guitar, and in which all the company cheerfully joined. The old mens' eyes glistened with delight, and communicated the rapture to their children. The conversation soon turning to the beauties of the evening, and the advantages of a country life, Mr. Bentley observed to his old friend, that he had received an invitation from London, to pass a few weeks in that city; and, says he, I will shew you the answer I have sent to it. He writes to me like a man of this world, who has no notion of another: he writes to me, Sir, in the little language of avarice, and talks of my neglecting the improvement of my little fortune, and conceives there is no wealth, no blessing, no peace, no plenty, but what is found in money. I tell him, I allow it must ever be a wonder to active and impatient spirits, that men of a more indolent, easy disposition, can prefer the dull round of country objects to the cheerful vicissitudes of the town. The man accustomed to a restless life of business, whose mind is never disengaged from the counting-house, the warehouse, the coffee-house, and the exchange, can never account for that tranquillity which may possess the minds and hearts of the speculative recluse at a distance from the great city. I grant the same spot, though art and nature unite to make it the most agreeable imaginable, may weary in time, even the fancy of the poet; and a life of calm reflection and leisure, appears to the world in general, to be too terrible to be thought of. But I tell him, Sir, every plant thrives best in the soil to which it is adapted; that the busy spirit is not made for solitude, nor the passive one for the town; but that each may feel a particular advantage in the situation his nature requires. That respecting myself, above my natural affection for the country, I have every rational objection to scenes of art, and misery, and fraud; that I conceived my soul not safe in the distraction of London; and therefore, from motives of policy, as well as regard, withdrew hither.— Sweet spot! I have now passed fifteen years in peace and pleasure, and will, as long as I live bear witness to your solitary virtues. I will, if please heaven, never, never forsake this retreat for humble virtue, cheerful hope, and peaceful meditation; but lay me down to rest with the peasants of the valley, who have never mixed with the mistaken world, nor been polluted by its strange maxims. The refinements of polished society have no charms for Bentley. The wisdom (I tell him) that is taught in seminaries and schools of science, may feed the avarice of the mind for knowledge, but seldom benefits the heart; and the confusion of opinions, with which the libraries of the learned abound, either tend to confine mens' prejudices to objects of little moment, or to keep the more liberal in a constant fluctuation of sentiments, and make them sceptics in the very worst sense of the word. The pride of knowledge, the pride of wealth, the pride of power, the pride of station, agitate the great city, my friend, to which you would seduce me; and you would urge me, who have nearly been shipwrecked by its errors already, to set my foot once more in its mazes, and tempt eternal

eternal ruin. But pray, Sir, what joy can a poor uncultivated rustic, as I call myself, take in the assemblies of your polite men, where ceremony is substituted for sense, and plausibility for honesty and candour? How shall I share in the conversation of your beaux esprit, whose wit is so foreign to plain sense and sound wisdom? The charms of the fair can no longer fascinate the man of fifty-three, since his dear Betsey, his darling counsellor and tender friend, has forsaken him for a cold bridegroom in the grave."

It would have been strange if a declaimer, against the tumultuous pleasures and perilous amusements of the metropolis, had let slip so capital an object as our theatrical exhibitions; so highly extolled by some writers as the schools of sentiment and morality. The judicious and moral Mr. Bentley was of a different opinion.

"You have opportunities of relaxing the mind, that we cannot have in a country retirement at the wintery season of the year, you have the entertainment of the drama to enliven your evenings; and a thousand specious devices to amuse the sense, and engage the passions abroad, when home grows languid, and reflection tiresome; I wish you joy of these mighty advantages. The poet and the player emulate each other, to charm the fancy; raise the exhilarating laugh, and awaken the temporary tear. But what do you ridicule in the extravagancies of others, that is not in a degree applicable to yourselves? The minutiae of disposition may differ in different men; but there are certain general biases by which all men may be distinguished; and therefore, whatever particular folly we ridicule in others, either on the stage or the play-house, or the stage of life, is in fact but laughing at ourselves, and reflecting on the weakness of human nature. The sensation of grief, which Garrick or Barry may occasion, when a king suffers for a lost kingdom, or a lover for the infidelity of a mistress, is possibly an unjustifiable indulgence, when it is reflected how many real objects of misery hourly challenge our pity, and challenge our pity in vain.

"We readily pronounce those opinions directed by wisdom, that perfectly correspond with our own; but find it difficult to account for the opposite notions of others. I am persuaded you will in this instance, and many others, call me singular and uncommon; but observe I only mention them as reasons for part of my objections to the theatre, and that I wish not to dictate to others.

"We are strange self-deceivers, we greedily pass the cheat upon ourselves, and are no longer happy than while fancy is flattered by extravagant delusions, or the judgment is weakened by powerful appeals to the passions. Hence we find both sexes of all ages, all degrees of sense, crowding each night to the play-house. The brilliant figures in the boxes, the bewitching charms of music, the air of delight that is spread over every feature, the wanton attitudes of the actresses, and many other attractions unite, to call off the mind from more rational speculations, inflame the bosoms of youth with licentious wishes; and fix the attention of grey age to the follies of past times, when they should be better engaged in preparing for the happiness of the

the future. I remember when I was a young man and fond of romance, the theatre was my constant theme, my prevailing infatuation. The rhapsody of bombast was power; the whining of the lover was charmingly affecting and pathetic; the richness of their dresses was grandeur in the extreme, and the clinking of chains in Bajazet and Pierre I considered the very pinnacle of perfection. But I remember too, I never went into a theatre with a vicious view, nor never came out of it without many. The poet and the player might both be innocent, but the theatre collectively considered, the company and the glare, spread the poison which is so often fatal to the morals of the youth of both sexes. I remember the worst follies of my life took their rise from that quarter; and that the vagrant connection, which so long embittered my days, was first made at the play-house."

Of London politicks and politicians, Mr. Bentley speaks very sensibly and pertinently, as follows :

"Many are my objections, Sir, to London. That mart of wealth, that seat of learning, that scene of cultivated men. The fulness of your streets, and the emptiness of your churches, equally perplexed me; and I was quite at a loss to account for the avidity with which trifles were anxiously pursued, and the indifference and the contempt with which concerns of the last moment were treated. I witnessed to the tumults of avarice in the merchant, and the blindness of dissipation in his clerk. I was shocked at the vanity of beauty, the insolence of wealth, the pride of national superiority, and the universal weakness that prevailed. I felt myself growing very fast into a kind of cynical contempt for the world, and withdrew in time, to carry a good-natured pity along with me.

"But while I thought at a distance of other mens' follies, I sincerely felt for my own. I felt there was little room for pride in men; that our boasted wisdom is, at best, but a doubtful light that the advantages of education, designed to distinguish the scholar from the toiling mechanic, were very doubtful pre-eminences indeed. That neither Plato nor Aristotle, nor Epictetus, nor Socrates, had discovered a standard for truth; and that most of the questions that divided the schools had better have been totally neglected. That men of science, considered in a natural and perhaps political light, rather confused mens' minds, than mended them; and that in religious matters, all metaphysical disquisitions rather tended to amuse the casuist, than to lead the multitude the right way.

"Respecting your politicians, I confess to you, I am very far from entertaining a blind respect to my own opinions. I am sensible of every disqualification for a censor, mistaking but too often the pride of prejudice and singularity for judgment and candour. But I am apt to conceive your politicians, and public contenders for sacred freedom, are very often idle declaimers on the one hand, and designing or disappointed hypocrites on the other; and shall be more inclined to credit the professions of public philanthropy, when the duties of the private station are more religiously observed. I am aware of what Greek and Roman characters may be quoted, and that our own Britain has many illustrious authorities upon record, who have pleaded, who

have bled for their country. But I confess I have been inclined to think it possible, that with most, if not all of these, a love of fame, that universal passion, or some occult motive best known to the parties themselves, has stimulated them to public acts of national utility, for which posterity, while they share the benefit, perpetuate the memory of the man.

"In this country, the most profligate private character, who impudently professes a liberal love for public virtue, may ever depend on the countenance and protection of the people: flattered into a persuasion of their political importance, the vulgar will readily take the alarm, when the measures of government are condemned, and a popular opposition earnestly sought for.

"The prejudices of the ignorant are easily fixed, but the most difficult to be shaken, and though they are ever so sensible of the blessings of a mild government, which gives encouragement to industry, protection to life, and security to possessions, yet they are easily persuaded to swallow the grossest absurdities, which the crafty leaders of a wild faction are inclined to pass upon them.

"Such is the genius of the British multitude, that open and disguised enemies to the civil and religious liberties of this country, may always avail themselves of the stale argument, *vox populi, vox Dei*; carelessly forgetting that the same acclamations which were given to King James on his return into the city one day, were equally violent in favour of the Prince of Orange on another.

"I have long been determined to think little of these things. I am persuaded there is a day appointed in the book of infinite wisdom, in which Britain, as well as Rome, shall perish. I love my King; I love my country; without being an enthusiast for divine right, or a public pleader for licentious freedom. When my temples are pilloved on the cold earth, may the constitution of England flourish unimpaired for many, many centuries. And may this land, to remotest generations, be distinguished for wisdom and for virtue."

Of the worldly practices of the clergy and their fashionable mode of entertaining the town with their sermonical exhibitions,

"Mr. Bentley often expressed himself oddly. Your clergy, Sir, your clergy, Sir, are—men, of like passions and frailties as ourselves, and I never expected any supernatural wisdom, any extraordinary talents from them. But a serious attention to the internal welfare of their flock, and an earnestness in inculcating the religion of the cross, were the best marks in my esteem of the propriety of a clergyman's character. I confined not myself to Paul or Cephas, or Apollos, but conceived the good of many protestant sectaries made up one catholic church, however they differed in some particular points of doctrine. I conceived the original intention of the pulpit, was merely to exalt some decent grave character, to preach saving truths with strict devotion, and in a language that the poor and the unlearned might understand the way of salvation. I thought one capital objection to the priesthood of the church of Rome, was sealing up holy writ from the multitude in an unknown tongue, and that the translation of the Bible promised to open the eyes of the blind, and give every
man

man an opportunity of judging for himself in a concern of everlasting moment. These, Sir, were some of my crude notions respecting the church and the clergy. Judge then what I thought of the refinement of our language, and the politeness of our times, to witness to the strange sacrifice of sense and orthodoxy, and zeal and sincerity, which were so generally made, to elegance of language and a polished delivery. At my time I remember, in very many chapels and churches about the metropolis, common sense was violently deposed, and *poetry* reigned in its stead. We had the climax of Tully, instead of the great deliverer's sermon on the mount; we had figure and metaphor, and extracts from polished poets; because the language of base fishermen was not so well adapted to *amuse* the croud. To amuse the croud! yes, Sir; look to your evening lectures, delivered in spruce wigs and starched bands, and tell me, if the audience is not to the full as polite as it is pious; tell me if moral philosophy, such as the poor heathen Epictetus taught, is not all you hear; and whether that deficient morality for this day is not the most inconsiderable part of this lecture? Where is sober reasoning? where are the bold appeals to the consciences of callous men? where is the honest zeal of the ambassadors of heaven? all is lost, all is forgotten, all is sacrificed to sound and pleasant period. Like men who have a certain business to execute in a certain time, they lose all in sharpening their tools. If a charity sermon is to be preached, how much is trusted to a pathetic picture! Deserted orphans, helpless, forlorn, abandoned to the wide uncharitable world, are so many common-place figures of rhetoric, to make old gentlewomen and simple virgins subscribe to the plate at the door; and as if christians were to be entertained by a discourse in a church, as by a lecture in a coffee-room, death, hell, judgment and futurity, are not touched upon at all, or else only at a distance. I know many learned rational glorious exceptions to this character. I know men who would have been an honour to the christian church, and true catholic faith, in the first æra of its institution; but I observed the evil I have mentioned spreading very fast, and promised to gain ground daily."

Oddly, as it is hinted, that Mr. Bentley expresses himself in the above very just reprehension of some of the established clergy, he would in all probability have expressed himself much more oddly, had he known that the practice, he complains of, had really spread itself among congregations once the demurest among the dissenters. What would he have said, had he perused an advertisement, setting forth, that a sermon to be preached on the Lord's day, by a theatrical enthusiast, to raise money for the repairing of a meeting-house, would be attended with singing by actors and actresses from the theatres of Covent-garden and Drury-lane; tickets half a crown each! Would he not have repeated in earnest with a sigh, what has so often been repeated in jest with a laugh, *O tempora! O mores!*

We should willingly make an extract from Mr. Bentley's admirable lecture to his son, preparatory to his journey to London; but the number of new publications, and the limits prescribed to our undertaking, will not permit.

ART. VI. *A Royal Road to Geometry, &c.* By T. Malton. 8vo. 10s. 6s. Robson. Continued from Page 47, and concluded.

In the second book our Author has made no deviation from Euclid, save only in the manner of demonstrating, which is more concise than in most other authors. Here are indeed added some valuable theorems; of which we give the following as a specimen.

"Theorem 14 *. *In every parallelogram, the sum of the squares of the two diagonals is equal to the squares of all the sides, together.*

"Let ABCD be a parallelogram.

"Draw the diagonals, AC and BD; produce the base AD, and draw the perpendiculars BE and CF.

"DEM. In the obtuse angled triangle ACD;

$$AC^2 = AD^2 + DC^2 + 2ADF \square. \quad \text{Th. 12.}$$

$$\text{And, in the triangle ABD; } BD^2 = AB^2 + AD^2 - 2DAE \square$$

$$\text{But, EBCF is a parallelogram, wh. EF=BC.} \quad \text{15. 1.}$$

$$\text{and, AD=BC; wherefore AD=EF} \quad \text{Ax. 3.}$$

$$\text{conf. AE=DF, ED being common; wh. ADF=DAE} \square$$

Therefore, as much as AC^2 exceeds $AD^2 + DC^2$, viz. by the rect. ADF, twice; by so much is BD^2 exceeded by $AB^2 + AD^2$, eq. BC^2 ; viz. by 2 DAE $\square = 2ADF$.

$$\text{Th. } AC^2 + BD^2 = AB^2 + BC^2 + AD^2 + DC^2.$$

The third book, containing the properties of the circle, is considerably abridged, by reducing propositions to axioms and corollaries; by which means, the more essential properties of circles are easier and much sooner attained.

The elements, according to Euclid, are reduced to fifteen theorems; to which are here added five others. The manner of demonstrating is brief, elegant and convincing. The demonstration of the 15th (an additional proposition) seems, to us, new; which, though somewhat longer than that given by others, is more direct and positive, and has in it a peculiar elegance.

"Theorem 15 *. *If two chord lines, intersect at right angles; the four squares, of the segments of those chords, will be equal to the square of the diameter.*

"Let the chords AB and CD cut each other perpendicularly, in E.

"Then, the squares of AE, EB, EC and ED, are equal to the square of AI, the diameter of the circle.

"From the center, F, draw FG and FH parallel to the chords CD and AB; and join AF, and FD.

"DEM. Now, since AB and CD cut each other perpend. - Hyp. and, FG, FH, are respectively parallel to CD and AB - Con. FG and FH are perpendicular to AB and CD. - C. 2. 4. 1. Then, AB is bisected, in G. (1. 3.) and cut unequally, in E. wherefore, $AE^2 + EB^2 = 2AG^2 + 2GE^2$; - 9. 2. also $CE^2 + ED^2 = 2EH^2 + 2HD^2$ - same Wh. $AE^2 + EB^2 + CE^2 + ED^2 = 2AG^2 + 2GE^2 + 2EH^2 + 2HD^2$

* See plate, page 43.

But GFHE is a parallelogram, by construction, wherefore, FH=GE, and FG=EH - 15. 1.
 Conf. the squares of the four segments, AE, EB, CE, and ED are equal to the squares of AG, GF, PH and HD, twice taken. But, $AF^2 = AG^2 + GF^2$, $FD^2 = FH^2 + HD^2$ - 20. 1.
 conf. $2AF^2 + 2FD^2 = 2AG^2 + 2GF^2 + 2FH^2 + 2HD^2$
 Wherefore, $AE^2 + EB^2 + CE^2 + ED^2 = 2AF^2 + 2FD^2$;
 i. e. $= 4AF^2$; for, AF is equal to FD.

"But four times $AF^2 = AI^2$; i. e. of the diameter. - 4. 2.
 Th. the squares of the four segments, AE, EB, CE, and ED, are equal to the square of the diameter."

The fourth book contains nothing particular, except some remarks respecting the construction of polygons; and that the demonstrations in general are considerably shortened.

In the fifth book, the doctrine of proportion is reduced from twenty-five theorems to eleven; in ten of which is contained, and demonstrated, a great variety of changes, in which there is necessarily analogy of ratios; and in a more brief and satisfactory manner than we remember to have before seen. Our Author hath also the ambiguity attending Euclid's fifth definition; on which the whole, according to them, depends. On that definition, which has occasioned much debate and contention amongst geometers, and has been so warmly defended by Dr. Barrow, and others, our Author has given a very long and critical remark, which we think extremely pertinent.

On the subject of proportion Mr. Malton has made some excellent observations.

In the sixth book, his doctrine of proportion is well applied, in searching out the properties of plane figures; in which, however, there is but little deviation from Euclid. Of the manner of demonstrating, in this book, we shall give the following example:

"Theorem 25 *. If two circles cut each other, and a right line be drawn cutting both circles, it will be cut proportionally, by the circumferences, and a right line joining the points of intersection of the circles.

"Join the points, F and G, in which the two circles, AFG and FBG, cut each other; and, let any right line, AB, cut both circles, and the right line FG, in the points A, C, D, E, and B.

"I say, the line AB is cut proportionally in those points; viz. as $AC:CD::BE:ED$.

"DEM. For, in the circle AFG, as $AD:DF::DG:DE$ } - 20.
 And, in the circle FBG, as $DF:CD::DB:DG$
 wherefore, - - - as $AD:CD::DB:DE$ - - - 10. 5.
 Therefore, as $AD-CD:CD::DB-DE:DE$ - - - 7. 5.
 That is, as $AC:CD::EB:ED$. Q. E. D."

Having (according to Euclid) gone through the first six books of plane geometry; our Author (as most others have done) proceeds to the eleventh of Euclid, omitting the intermediate

* See plate, page 43.

ones. The doctrine of solids is thoroughly understood but by few, though on it depends the whole theory of their mensuration. In order to assist the imagination, therefore, our Author has given several moveable schemes, that display them to much advantage.

The axioms are also illustrated by well adapted figures; some of which are demonstrable propositions, in Euclid.

This book is abridged from forty propositions in Euclid to twenty-six, leaving out only two problems; it nevertheless contains more essential matter. Four theorems, viz. the 11th, the 20th, 21st and 22d, are not in Euclid, except the 22d may be compared with the 35th: it is the same, in substance, but has, here, so very different an aspect, that one seems totally lost in the other. The 11th is, to us, entirely new, and a valuable one indeed.

The manner of demonstrating is, in this book, greatly abbreviated; being, in general, according to Euclid, very prolix and tedious. Indeed, our Author is greatly indebted to his figures for his brevity; as they convey the idea so forcibly, little is required to be said to communicate the premises.

"Theorem 20 *. *Parallelopipeds, whose solid angles are equal, have that proportion, to one another, which is compounded of the ratio of their sides.*

"Let ADK and BH be equiangular parallelopipeds; and let them be so placed together, at the equal angles B, that, the side AB of the one, is in the same right line with BE, of the other, and CB with BF; consequently, the two sides BD and BG are in one right line.

"On EF, and BD, compleat the parallelopiped DFI.

"Take any right line, V, at pleasure; and make X to V, as BE to AB; and as BF is to CB, so make Y to X; also, as BG is to BD, make Z to Y. (Prob. 32)

"Then, as V is to Z, so is the parallelopiped, ADK to BH.

"DEM. The solids, ADK and DFI, have equal altitudes; wherefore, they are to each other as AC to EF; - - C. 1. 17. that is, as the ratio which is compounded of AB to BE, and CB to BF; i. e. as V to Y. - - Th. 11. 6. And, the solid DFI is to BH, as the par. DE is to EG - 17. that is, as DB is to BG, i. e. as Y to Z. - - 11. 6. But, ADK:DFI::V:Y, and DFI:BH::Y:Z - - Con. Therefore, the solid ADK:BH::V:Z - - Th. 9. 5. i. e. in the compounded ratio of AB to BE, CB to BF, and DE to BG."

We now come to the 8th and last book of this work, the 12th of Euclid, in which is opened a new way to the knowledge of the properties and proportions of solids, contained under curved or mixed surfaces, viz. the cylinder, cone and sphere.

* See plate, page 43.

The primary elements of this, respecting pyramids and prisms, are novel and concise; so that, in the three first theorems, we are as far advanced, as in six or seven of Euclid; the fourth, of this, seems wanting in Euclid, previous to his tenth. Indeed, what Euclid comprehends in eighteen propositions, is here included in eight or nine; to say nothing of the prolix demonstrations, or rather description of his figures, which are to learners hardly intelligible.

To this book is added some theorems from Archimedes; by which is investigated, both the superficial and solid contents of the sphere, in which Euclid is deficient; he only shewing the ratio one sphere has to another.

"Theorem 8*. *Equal prisms, or pyramids, have their bases and altitudes reciprocally proportional.*

"If the prisms are parallelopipeds it is already proved. - 19. 7.

"Let the triangular prism AKC be equal to the quadrangular prism FLG; whose bases, ACD, FGHI, are in the same plane; to which, draw the perpendicular BF. BF and EF are their altitudes.

"I say, the base, ADC, is to the base, FGHI, as EF is to BF.

"Let the plane of the top, LE, be produced, cutting the triangular prism, at EMN.

"DEM. The prism AMC:AKC::EF:BF, their altitudes.

And - - - AMC:FLG::ADC:FGHI, their bases,

But, the prism FLG is equal to AKC; by hypothesis, consequently, - AMC:FLG::EF:BF, i. e. as ADC:FGHI.

Therefore, as ADC:FGHI::EF:BF. Q. E. D.

"2nd. Draw the diagonals AB, DB; EG, EH, and EI.

"The pyramid ABCD is equal to one third of AKC - 4.

And, the pyramid FGEHI=one third part of FLG.

But, quantities are in the same ratio as their equimultiples; Ax. 8. 5. wherefore, the pyramid ABCD is equal to FGEHI.

"But, they have the same bases and altitudes, as the prisms, AKC and FLG.

Th. their bases and altitudes are reciprocally proportional.

"Cor. Equal cylinders, or cones, have their bases and altitudes reciprocally proportional.

"Because, cylinders are equal to prisms whose bases and altitudes are equal; and cones to pyramids."

As an appendix to this work, is added a compendious theory of mensuration, both of superficies and solids, from the simplest plane figure, to the most difficult, the sphere shewing the rationale of the whole, as deduced from the elements; with the method of applying the measure, so as to produce their proper contents.

ART. VII. *A Gentleman's Tour through Monmouthshire and Wales, in the Months of June and July, 1774.* 8vo. 3s. Evans.

We are happy to find that, while the generality of our young men of fashion and fortune are either idly rambling over the

* See plate, page 43.

Continent, or mispending their time and talents in making matches and dissipating their estates by gambling at home, we have yet some others, who have good-sense and taste enough to bestow a laudable attention on the curiosities, natural and artificial of their own country. Among these, the Author of the present Tour claims honourable place; not only for having taken it, but for the motive of its publication, viz. a desire of inducing his countrymen to consider Wales as an object worthy attention.

"The romantic beauties of Nature, continues he, are so singular and extravagant in the principality, particularly in the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon, that they are scarcely to be conceived, by those, who have confined their curiosity to the other parts of Great Britain.

"Notwithstanding this, the Welsh tour has been hitherto strangely neglected; for, while the English roads are crowded with travelling parties of pleasure, the Welsh are so rarely visited, that the Author did not meet with a single party, during his six weeks journey through Wales.

"We must account for this from the general prejudice which prevails, that the Welsh roads are impracticable, the inns intolerable, and the people insolent and brutish.

"The writer of these sheets is happy, that he is enabled to remove such discouraging difficulties, and assures the reader, that in the low, level countries, the turnpikes* are excellent; and that the mountainous roads are, in most parts, as good as the nature of the country will admit of; that the inns, with a few exceptions, are comfortable, and that the people are universally civil and obliging."

As works of this kind will not admit of abstract, we can only give our readers an idea of the entertainment they will meet with in the perusal of it. Of the writer's talents for description, and the natural objects which this Principality afforded him for exerting them, we shall give the following short specimen.

"We now traversed a desolate and cloud-capt country; but as it happened to be low water, we avoided some of these mournful mountains, by descending on the sands of the Traeth Mawr, which carried us to the Pont Aberglaslyn, which divides Merioneth from Caernarvonshire.

"This bridge is one wide stone arch, and is built over a roaring water-fall, from two perpendicular precipices †.

* The gentleman means the turnpike roads; which throughout the work he thus calls turnpikes.

† The author of the letters from Snowdon, seems to have confounded Pont Aberglaslyn, with another remarkable arch, called the Devil's Bridge, which is thrown over a deep glen, between Aberyfwith and Llanidlos in Montgomeryshire, but of which we had no intelligence, till since our return. According to our information, this bridge connects two lofty precipices, and being lately in a very ruinous state, the county thought proper to rebuild it. The difficulty of striking a centre over such a depth, must occur to every one, and therefore the architect prudently formed a centre upon the old arch, on which the present bridge was built. The timber frame being removed, the two arches, one under the other, make a very singular appearance.

"Here we paused—the grandeur of the scene before us, impressed a silent admiration on our senses. We at length moved slowly onward, contemplating the wonderful chasm. An impending craggy cliff, at least 800 feet high, projects from every part of its broken front stupendous rocks of the most capricious forms, and shadows a broad and translucent torrent, which rages like a cataract, amid the huge ruins fallen from the mountain.

"The disjointed fragments of the opposite declivity, crushing their mouldering props, seem scarcely prevented from overwhelming the narrow ridge, which forms the road upon the brink of the flood.

"The romantic imagination of Salvator Rosa, was never fired with a more tremendous idea, nor has his extravagant pencil ever produced a bolder precipice."

To artificial curiosities, though fewer, our gentleman seems to have been not less attentive. On climbing up the steep sides of the hill, on which is situated the castle of the ancient city of Caerleon, he *blundered*, he says, upon a curious piece of Roman antiquity; of which he gives the following description.

"It was part of a circular stone, flat on one side, and convex on the other, 27 inches in diameter: on the flat surface is represented in bas relief, a female figure sitting: one hand inclines downwards, and a small dolphin is sporting in the palm of the other, which is extended. There is a broad foliage round the edge of the stone, which, resembling a myrtle leaf, serves as a border to it.

"On the convex side are some circular mouldings, but the centre, which is about ten inches in diameter, is plain and unworked, and probably was originally fixed to a pedestal.

"The figure is indisputably intended for a Venus, and both the design and execution of it, when perfect, in my opinion, far surpassed the general specimens of sculpture, which the Romans left in Britain.

"This bas relief has been hitherto unknown, and though it was accidentally discovered, among the ruins, about two years since, yet such was the ignorance of the people, that it was neglected, and thrown aside, as a stone of no value, while the meaner materials were found useful in mending the roads.

"I cannot recollect to have seen Venus ever described with a dolphin in her hand, as in this figure; though Cupid has frequently been thus represented, according to the following lines, quoted by Augustinus, in his explanation of ancient gems:

Non frustra manibus tenet delphinem et florem,

Hic enim terram, ille vero mare habet."

A representation of this piece of antiquity, as it appears in its present state is given, as a frontispiece to this little volume.

Of the manners of the people our traveller does not seem to have sought opportunities of seeing much, and therefore has said but little. He condemns, indeed, the men for their excess in drinking Welch ale, and gives the following account of the singular dress of the Pembroke-shire women.

"There is a particularity in the dress of the Pembroke-shire women, which, because it differs from the rest of the Welsh, I shall describe.

"The

"The women, even in the midst of summer, generally wear a heavy cloth gown; and instead of a cap, a large handkerchief wrapt over their heads, and tied under their chins.

"On first seeing this fantastic head dress, I really imagined that there was an epidemical swelling or tooth-ach in the country.

"It is possible that this fashion might originate from Flanders, as Pembrokehire was formerly settled by Flemings. In that low country, this head dress might have been thought a necessary preservation against the damps, and a national prejudice may have continued it in Wales, for more than six centuries.

"This custom is certainly peculiar to Pembrokehire; for in the other parts of Wales, the women, as well as the men, wear large beaver hats, with broad brims, flapping over their shoulders.

"Nay, even some of the better sort of people affect this covering; for I afterwards met, at Llandrindod wells, three old ladies of the neighbourhood, who supped with us, under the shade of their beavered umbrellas. The general prevalence of this latter custom recalled to my memory the fabulous history of Giraldus, concerning beavers being found on the Tywy banks, in Cardiganshire, and might induce a stranger to give some kind of credit to the legend."

Of the Methodist Academy in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny, founded by the pious munificence of a right honourable Lady, our Traveller gives the subsequent concise account.

"This academy is instituted for the instruction and maintenance of such youths who may shew any forward or extraordinary sparks of genius. The students may be taken from the cottage or from the field, without distinction of rank or age, but their abilities or their *call* must be indisputable, before they can be admitted within the sacred walls; these are the only qualifications. The *elect* are here taught the grand *art* of regeneration, and in due time are to be sent forth as apostles, to impose their dangerous superstition on the weak minds of the credulous multitude*."

Our Traveller takes more than one opportunity of testifying his dislike to the Methodists, whom he charges with an illiberal zeal in demolishing the relics of pagan antiquities†. Not that he pays so high a veneration to the supposed druidical remains of this country, as has been done by some antiquaries.

"I suspect that many of our Druid antiquaries, are by far too sanguine in their favourite pursuit, and that they attribute to religious uses, what was originally intended only for private advantage.

"A profusion of learning has been expended upon the Carneds of Wales, when I am convinced many of those heaps of stone were

* Going about three years ago, out of curiosity into a celebrated methodist chapel at Bath, I recollected, in the person of the preacher, a man who had lived in a family of my intimate acquaintance in the capacity of coachman, and on enquiry was informed, that he had studied and taken his degrees in this new founded college, from whence he just emerged, to undertake the guiding of souls instead of horses.

† To be sure the Methodists have no great reverence for heathen antiquities; nor may their religion be so classical, or gentleman-like as to suit our Traveller's taste. We cannot approve, however of that sportive turn, which disposes him *ludere cum sacris*: thinking it, beside, inconsistent with true gentility to object to going to heaven because guided by one's own coachman!

piled together, for no other reason than that the rest of the field might afford a clearer pasture.

"In the melancholy waste between Pont Aberglaslyn and Llyngwennyn, I observed many *modern* Carneds, which had been thrown up in large piles by the industrious inhabitants, for that profitable purpose.

"I pass no reflection on the single monuments, or on the circular upright stones, which abound in most parts of this country. These may perhaps deserve notice; but a stranger would scarcely make them the principal object of his tour, as they will not bear a comparison with Stone-henge or Abury, either in magnitude of stones, or regularity of design."

At the end of the book is given the rout of the Tour, with the distance of the several places visited, amounting in the whole to 717 miles.

ART. VIII. *Edwin and Julia, a Novel, in a Series of Letters.*

By a Lady. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Wilkie.

To the still surviving credit of novel-writing, and increasing honour of the literary ladies of this country, we have here another performance of the kind; meriting honourable mention in our review. As to give a meagre abstract of its story will not be expected of us, let it suffice to say, that it is sufficiently interesting, and, though poetical justice is not observed in the catastrophe, it is not the less moral or affecting. The following sensible and pathetic letter from the heroine of the piece, on the rumoured indiscretions of her husband, affords the married ladies some excellent and important precepts; and will serve to give our readers in general a specimen of the manner in which these instructive and entertaining letters are written.

"DEAR EMILY,

"From whence could you hear the cruel tale of Julia's misery?—What bold officious tongue dared to reveal the indiscretions of my husband?—Let them be who they will, I shake them from my friendship; for they have given a most convincing proof, that they have none for me.—And let me caution you, Emily, not to be so severe in your counsels; for I can tell you, meek as you may think me, I can resent, when I am greatly injured:—and I should be sorry to be angry with my friend; which I must be, if she continues to write in the manner of her last letter.

"If I cannot vindicate my husband's honour, believe me, I'll never a second time hear it aspersed.—Let his conduct be what it will, I shall never thank the busy, meddling world, for informing me of it:—so far from it, that I shall esteem it the greatest affront imaginable.

"If he has erred, it must have been in the fatal moment of surprise:—and who dare boast their own strength?—shall frail mortals condemn, because they have never had temptation?—Rather let us be ambitious to conceal our neighbour's faults, than eager to expose them:—those that make a practice of the latter, will always lay themselves under suspicion; for scandal proceeds from jealousy, not affection.

affection :—it is in order to reduce exalted characters to a level with their own—detested malice!

“ If I was certain of the infidelity of my Edwin—which, thank God, I am not—my behaviour should be more circumspect than ever;—my fondness, my kindness, should be redoubled, in hopes that time, and my unabated tenderness, might win him over to love and virtue.

“ O, my friend! in the midst of my anxiety, when my fears overcome my hopes, I can look forward to that day of bliss, when all my hours of soft solicitude will be overpaid with rapture;—when my Edwin, conscious of his own imprudence, shall thank the faithful hand of Julia, for leading him to happiness, and her.—But, could I ever expect that day to arrive, if, with a brutality disgraceful to human nature, I should cast off my regard, at a time when he wanted it the most, to join with the cruel world in condemnation, and harden him in his crimes?—No, Edwin, thy soul’s peace is of too much consequence to the bleeding heart of thy fond Julia :—she’ll drag, she’ll snatch thee from perdition; or die in the attempt.

“ It is probable, Emily, you may expect to be thanked, for what you imprudently conceive to be an act of the most generous friendship.—You offer me your purse, your house—and, when these fail, swear that you would rather beg your bread with me from door to door, than that I should live with the base wretch that has dishonoured me.—Hard words, Emily, of a man I love better than myself!—but I must forgive you for this once, well knowing your passion is too often permitted to conquer your reason :—thank you, I promise you I cannot; for I esteem your counsel of a most pernicious nature.

“ You barbarously persuade me to renounce my husband; to flee him; to leave him to his ruin.—Good God! that Emily can give such advice!—How weak must you suppose my affection to be founded!—Did not my letters convince you, that while Edwin lay sick upon his bed, pity heightened my regard?—I loved him more tenderly than ever :—and shall we grant pity to the body, and deny it to the soul?—No, no, my friend, such conduct can never result from real love—’tis selfishness.

“ Sure, to save a husband is worth the trial. I believe many would reform, that have been indiscreet, if their wives would give them leave :—but no sooner is the gossip’s tale heard, than the imprudent wife, with clamorous tongue, denounces vengeance on his head; and soon convinces him, she is not angry at his sinning against Heaven, but her :—and, without permitting her affection to make one effort towards reclaiming him, absolutely resigns him up to sin and misery.

“ I intreat, that you will never discover to me the person that sent you this fatal information;—for I am afraid it will not be in my power to bestow that Christian forgiveness on them that I could wish.

“ I may be too warm :—but when you consider what I have at stake, surely you will forgive me.—I would not for the world, Edwin should suspect I had ever heard the story :—and how is it possible to be kept from him, when every one has the liberty of prating?—I charge you, Emily, as you value my peace, suffer not the curious, busy

busy world, to traduce the character of my husband; nor do you strike daggers into the breast of a friend, that truly loves you.—But I will say no more—confiding in your honour and your friendship.

“Edwin has received several letters from Henry Cleveland.—I find he is paying his addresses to Lady Caroline Brompton:—may they be happy in each other!—But, alas! happiness is not to be expected on this side the grave.—I once thought I had found it:—it is vanished now:—but I have hopes that I may still in part possess it ere I die.

“I hear Edwin’s footsteps.—Adieu, my Emily; and let me always subscribe myself, your admiring, as well as affectionate friend,
JULIA STANLEY.”

ART. IX. *Judah Restored*: A Poem, in Six Books. By Dr. Roberts, of Eton College, 2 vol. small 8vo. 6s. Wilkie.

The poetical abilities of Dr. Roberts have been so lately estimated by the publication of his *Miscellaneous Poems*, that the reader is probably not very highly prepossessed in favour of his talents for Epic poetry.

“Not, says the Doctor, in his preface, that I have presumed to call this work an Epic poem; if I had, I should probably be told, that there is no hero sufficiently mark’d to dignify it with that title. Daniel would have answered that purpose, could I have trespass’d upon history so far as to have carried him back to Jerusalem. That however was impossible; nor was I solicitous about it. I believe there is unity of design; and it does not lessen my veneration for Milton, that some critics have affirmed Adam to be the hero of his poem, while others have confer’d that honour upon Satan. With regard to narrative, episode, simile, &c. I have endeavoured to follow the laws of Epic, as prescribed by the best models.

“Such as the poem is, I offer it to the public with all deference, and humility; not doubting but that every reader of candour, and taste, will pardon many imperfections in a work, which has been attended with no small labour, and difficulty.”

Criticism is disarmed of its severity by so modest an introduction: but though justice may drop the point of her sword, she should ever be tenacious of the level of her balance.

The subject of this Poem is the return of the Jews from the Babylonish Captivity; the history of which, being somewhat barren of circumstances, the writer has greatly assisted it by his imagination. He expresses, however, his fears that his work bears an inauspicious title. A subject founded on Sacred Scripture, says he, will probably less recommend itself, than if it had been built on some tale recorded by the respectable authors of fable and romance. This may possibly be; but there is another circumstance, which we fear will make equally against its general reception with the publick. This is its want of the pleasing appendage of rhyme; which, though it may be spared in

in compositions of great length, whose authors have a strong, natural flow of versification, gives a grace and ornament, as Dr. Byrom very justly observes, to the shorter productions of others. Our Author indeed, contends for the propriety of blank verse in a manner, that requires we should let him speak for himself.

"It is said that the difficulty of writing is much increased by the use of rhyme; perhaps so; but the merit of a work by no means arises from the difficulty of execution. In poetry, as well as philosophy, that is the best principle, which attains the same end by the application of the least force. There are men, whom nature has endow'd with such a quickness of parts, that they write with the greatest ease, and fluency; others again conceive more deliberately, and express more slowly. If there appears equal merit in the works of these authors, no reader extolls the one, because they were produced by much labour; or derogates from the other, because they flow'd with facility. Besides, I greatly doubt the truth of the position, 'that it is an easier task to write blank verse than rhyme;' to some, I believe, it is; but with more, I believe the contrary to be true; and I am induced to think so for this reason,—that almost the lowest dealer in rhyme makes his ends chime justly, and his lines flow tolerably harmonious; whereas few writers in blank verse have learnt the secret of relieving the ear by a proper variation of the cadence. The only difference between their measure, and rhyme is, that the rhyme is wanting; while the verse is constituted in such a manner, that the ear has a right to expect it, and is disappointed in not finding it. The stop stares you full in the face at the end of almost every line; the rhyme is not there; the pause is not varied: the reader throws by the poem with disgust; attributes the faults of the author to the nature of his work, and hastily concludes, that rhyme is essential to poetry."

Whether Dr. Roberts has displayed the master in the harmonious flow of his lines, and variation of his pauses, we submit to the judgment of the reader, with a specimen or two of the poem.

The subject is proposed in the following exordium.

"The fall of proud Belhazzar, the return
Of Benjamin, and Juda, captive tribes,
I sing. Spirit of God, who to the eyes
Of holy seers in vision didst reveal
Events far distant; thou, who once didst touch
Their lips with heavenly fire, and tune their harps
To strains, sublimer than the Tuscan stream
Caught from his Latian bards, or echoed round
The wide Ægean from Ionia's shore,
Inspire my soul; blest spirit, aid my song.

"The sun full seventy times had pass'd the realm
Of burning Scorpius, and was hastening down
The steep convex of heaven, since Babylon
Receiv'd her mourning prisoners. Savage taunts,

And the rude insult of their barbarous lords,
 Embitter all their woe. Meanwhile the Law,
 Proclaim'd on Horeb's top, neglected lies;
 Nor kid, nor evening lamb, nor heifer bleeds,
 Nor incense smoaks, nor holy Levite claims
 Choice fruits, and rich oblations. On the trees,
 That o'er the waters bend, their untun'd harps,
 Harps, which their fathers struck to festal hymns,
 Hang useless. 'Twas the hill, 'twas Sion's hill,
 Which yet Jehovah lov'd. There once he dwelt;
 There stood his temple; there from side to side
 The * cherub stretch'd his wings, and from the † cloud
 Beam'd bright celestial radiance. Thence, tho' driven
 In early childhood to a stranger's land
 Or born sad heirs of slavery, still they cast
 An anxious look from ‡ Perath's willowy vale,
 Toward Jordan, sacred stream: and when the sun
 Sunk in the west, with eager eye pursued
 His parting beams; and pointed to the place,
 Where from their sight the faint horizon hid
 Those hills, which || round deserted Salem's walls
 Stood like a bulwark. And as some tir'd § hart,
 Driven by keen hunters o'er the champain wild,
 Pants for the running brook, so long the tribes
 Of captive Judah for their native clime,
 Again to sing the strains of Jesse's son,
 Again to raise a temple to their God."

The next passage we shall extract, is the conversation between King Balshazzar and the Prophet David, after the latter had expounded the hand-writing on the Wall. MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN.

" ————— Number'd is thy realm,
 ' And finish'd: in the balance art thou weigh'd,
 ' Where God hath found thee wanting.' —————
 " Prophet of evils! dar'st thou pour on me
 ' Thy threats ill-ominous, and judgments dark,'
 Incens'd the monarch cries, ' Hence to thy tribes;
 ' Teach them obedience to their sovereign's will,
 ' Or I will break that wand, and rend in twain
 ' The mantle of thy God.—Or if these marks
 ' Thou wilt erase from that accursed wall,
 ' Take half my realm.' He spake, and fix'd his eyes
 Wild staring on the mystic characters:
 His rage all sunk at once; his fear return'd
 Tenfold; when thus the man of God began.
 " Go to the shady vales of Palæstine,
 ' Vain prince, or Syrian Lebanon, and tear
 ' The palms, and cedars from their native mould

V. 20. Psalm cxxxvii. 2.
 † Euphrates.

* 1 Kings vi. 29.

† 1 Kings viii. 10.

|| Ps. cxxv. 2.

§ Ps. xlii. 1.

' Uprooted; then return, and break this rod.
 ' Believe me, far more arduous were the task:
 ' For it has harden'd in the streams of heaven;
 ' And tho' not dedicate to forcerer's arts
 ' By magic incantation, and strange spells;
 ' Yet such a potent virtue doth reside
 ' In every part, that not the united force
 ' Of all thy kingdom can one line, one grain,
 ' Of measure, or of solid weight impair.
 ' Wilt thou that I revoke thy destin'd fate?
 ' Devoted prince, I cannot. * Hell beneath
 ' Is moved to meet thee. See the mighty dead,
 ' The kings, that sat on golden thrones approach,
 ' The chief ones of the earth. ' O Lucifer,
 ' Son of the morning, that thou vaunting said'st
 ' I will ascend the heavens; I will exalt
 ' My throne above the stars of God, the clouds
 ' Shall roll beneath my feet,' art thou too weak
 ' As we? art thou become like unto us?
 ' Where now is all thy pomp? where the sweet sound
 ' Of viol, and of harp?' with curious eye
 ' Tracing thy mangled corse, the rescued sons
 ' Of Solyma shall say, 'is this the man
 ' That shook the pillars of the trembling earth,
 ' That made the world a desert?' all the kings,
 ' Each in his house intomb'd, in glory rest,
 ' While unlamented lie thy naked limbs,
 ' The sport of dogs, and vultures. In that day
 ' Shall these imperial towers, this haughty queen,
 ' That in the midst of waters sits secure,
 ' Fall prostrate on the ground. Ill-ominous birds
 ' Shall o'er the unwholesome marshes scream for food;
 ' And hissing serpents by sulphureous pools
 ' Conceal their filthy brood. The traveller
 ' In vain shall ask where stood Assyria's pride:
 ' No trace shall guide his dubious steps; nor sage,
 ' Vers'd in historic lore, shall mark the site
 ' Of desolated Babylon.' Thus spake
 The seer, and with majestic step retir'd.

" Aghast the nobles stand; cold drops of sweat,
 Cold as the icy dews of death, o'erspread
 Belshazzar's face; and ever and anon
 His eyes hold converse with the fatal wall
 In wild distraction. Nathless he prolongs
 The feast, and quaffs the still returning bowl,
 Which, like the fabled stream of Lethe, steepes
 His senses in oblivion. Dance and song,
 With all the dissonance of barbarous mirth
 Confound his callous mind; his dread subsides;
 Stretch'd on his golden couch the monarch lies
 Secure, nor heeds the prophet's warning voice.

* Isaiah xiv. 9, &c.

P A M P H L E T S.
L A W.

ART. X. *Observations, Civil and Canonical, on the Marriage Contract, as entered into conformably to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.* By W. Kenrick, LL. D. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Hooper.

The subject, on which the multifarious pen of our industrious associate hath been here employed, is not more universally interesting than the manner, in which he has treated it, is singular and curious. His general design, and motives for the publication, may be gathered from the following advertisement.

“The licentiousness of the married women of the present day, and the encouragement given them by the *Spiritual Court*, in admitting their *recrimination* on their husbands, in order to prevent *divorce*, threaten such dreadful consequences to society, that the publication of the succeeding observations, originally written to serve a private purpose, has been represented to their author as a laudable expedient, that may possibly check in some measure that dissoluteness of manners, which distinguishes the present from any former æra, and reflects the highest dishonour on our age and nation. He would be wanting therefore, in his duty to community, should he withhold from the public any thing that promises to contribute to so salutary a purpose; even though the following strictures should be deemed among the feeblest efforts of his pen. To the ladies he makes no apology for proving, that *infidelity* in a husband is less criminal in the eye of the LAW, than *prostitution* in a wife; as he cannot suppose the profligacy of the former a tempting example to the latter, unless he could subscribe to the poet's severe satire on the sex, when he says,
Every Woman is at heart a rake. POPE.”

An apology, indeed, were needless with the virtuous part of the sex; who, we are persuaded, will think themselves under some obligation to the author; as his display of the heinous criminality of the seduction of married women may be the means of freeing them from that disgusting, when not dangerous, gallantry, which so generally prevails in the polite world, and has been even seriously recommended by a late nobleman to his son, as essentially necessary to the character of a man of fashion and a gentleman.

That husbands, whose wives are not deadened by dissipation to all sense of morality and religion, will think themselves equally obliged to him, is not to be doubted, should they be able to engage their attention a moment to *Observations*, so highly important to their present happiness and future welfare.

It is true, indeed, that our author gives a greater latitude of personal liberty to the husband than to the wife; but, as what he advances seems founded on the best authority, it is so far incontrovertible; and as he hints, it would be paying a very bad compliment to the fair sex, to suppose the licentious pleasures of profligacy can excite their envy.

K

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He sets out with observing that the common and statute Laws of England, in most cases, consider marriage, according to Blackstone, only as a civil contract. With protestants of the Church of England, he also observes, as well as in other protestant countries, marriage is no sacrament or religious duty, but a mere moral and civil union : and, though the terms of the marriage ceremony, as prescribed in the ritual, are to be explained in a scriptural sense ; yet that sense, says he, is to be determined by the primitive apostolic canons and the divine law, as laid down in the scriptures ; and not by later canon laws, derived from popish councils or papal decretals. He affirms, however, that it is by these latter, and particularly by a decree of the council of Trent, our spiritual courts are governed in matrimonial cases. " According," says he, " to the present practice of our ecclesiastical courts, in cases of matrimonial infidelity, if the party accused prove that the accuser hath also committed adultery *, such proof is held a compensation for the crime of the accused, and the accuser fails of course in the suit. But, this is contrary to the practice of the civil and canon law in other protestant countries, and as it stood immediately after the Reformation in England. A divorce for adultery was then granted *a vinculo matrimonii*, from the bonds of matrimony ; and it was the opinion of the church of England, at the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that, after a divorce for adultery, the parties might marry again. It is true that the despotic tribunal, the *star-chamber*, whose very name is odious to the ears of a free-born Englishman, did reverse this opinion. That arbitrary and high-flown prelate, arch-bishop Bancroft, with the consent of the clergy, got it there determined that adultery was only a cause of divorce, *a mensa et thoro*, from bed and board.

" But, what was this less than acting against the spirit, reversing the very principles, of the Reformation ; and recurring back again to the usages and practices of popery ? It is indeed remarkable that Englishmen talk sometimes as ignorantly of their *religious* as of their *civil* liberty, in extravagantly boasting the effects of the Reformation.

" Had indeed the *reformatio legum*, projected in the reign of Henry the Eighth, been carried into execution, by any of his successors, a more compleat reform would have taken place in England ; as it did in Holland, and other protestant countries. But as it is, the Reformation hath but imperfectly entered into the constitution of the church of England, and the institutes of our ecclesiastical law : there having been few, if any, statutes since made respecting popery, in which the saving of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction is not especially provided for. It is indeed expressly mentioned, in most of them, that nothing therein shall take away, or abridge, the authority or jurisdiction of ecclesiastical censures ; but that the archbishops, bishops, and other ecclesiastical judges, may proceed as before such laws were enacted. What is this but carefully raking up the embers, and most superstitiously preserving the idolatrous relicts of popery ?"

* Or even *fornication*, which our modern practice has confounded with *adultery*, contrary to the sense and spirit of the *canons*, and the *scriptures*, or *divine law*, on which the *ecclesiastical law* is confessedly founded.

Our Author proceeds to investigate the nature of the crime commonly called adultery; shewing how far the modern practice of our spiritual courts, in granting or refusing divorces under pretence of that crime, is conformable to the canons of the Christian Church and the Laws of England. At the same time he endeavours to elucidate a point, which appears to have divided the canonists and civilians respecting the legal punishments of adultery. As the distinction, made by the ancient laws and primitive canons, between this crime in the man and in the woman, is remarkable and not very generally known, we shall cite a few passages at large, as a specimen of the manner and matter of our author's argument.

"Having explained, what is meant by the crime of adultery; the author of Wood's Institutes proceeds to enumerate the several punishments, that have been inflicted on such criminals in different ages and countries. He observes that, by the constitution of Constantine, it was punished with death; agreeable to the Levitical law; and for a good reason, continues he, "because it might include the worst kind of robbery, that of depriving innocent children of their lawful inheritance."

"But it is not made death, in the wife, by the Novels of Justinian. She only undergoes a scourging and the loss of her dower; and if afterwards she is confined to a monastery, the husband hath liberty to receive his wife at any time within two years: but by that law it is death in the husband."*

"On the apparent incompatibility of mildness and severity contained in this law, our modern institutor has the following remark:

"The reason of this I cannot understand. It is said that Theodora, the wife of Justinian, was the contriver of it. Some pretend that allowances ought to be made for the weakness of the sex."

"But, granting this effect of female influence on the author of the Novels; fickle as he was in the light of a lawgiver, he could never be so favourable to the fair sex and cruel to his own, as to punish incontinence in the one with death, and to excuse the other with only the loss of dower and a scourging; especially if we consider that the civil consequences of the one and the other are so very disproportionate. †

"But, though Wood could not comprehend the reason why the husband was punished with death, when the wife escaped with scourging, it is plain from this very circumstance, that by adultery in the husband was not meant mere fornication, or the simple act of incontinency. It was the crime of lying with another man's wife; a crime much more heinous in a married man, who had a wife of his own to go to, than in a single man, who had none; the crime of

* See Wood Inst. Book III. chap. x.

† Especially too as the affair of scourging was what the wife must of course be supposed to have been used to; unless her husband, neglecting Solomon's advice, by sparing the rod, had spoiled the child; for the civil law gave the husband a very wholesome authority over his wife; allowing him for some misdemeanours *flagellibus et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem*, that is, according to some translators, "to cane or lace her sides very handsomely:" an unpolished custom, it is true; prevailing at present, I think, only in Russia, under the government of an Empress remarkable for her matrimonial obedience.

the married man being, what our lawyers call double adultery ; and therefore, it is no wonder it was severely and signally punished.

“ At the same time, we may learn, from the Code, that adultery, even in a husband, was not thus severely punished, unless it was committed knowingly and wilfully.

“ If one lies with another's wife, not knowing her to be married, as in the publick stews, this punishment ought not to be inflicted ; for, though a man, who attempts an unlawful thing, shall be liable to the consequences of it, yet those *consequences* ought to be of the same nature with the first design *. As when one intends to kill Titius, and kills Marius by mistake, he shall die for it ; because he intended murder. But he that intended to commit fornication with Titia, and ignorantly commits adultery with her, not knowing her to be married, ought not to be punished for adultery ; for a crime of a different nature was intended. What if the man designed adultery with Titia, and it appears that Titia is unmarried ? Neither ought he in this case to be punished as an adulterer, for the *intention* and the *act* ought to pursue each other, at least in the general design †.

“ It is hence extremely clear, that the carnal commerce of a married man with a woman, whom he does not know, or has not reason to believe, is married, is not adultery in the man ; whether the woman be married or single : while, on the contrary, a married woman is guilty of adultery, by carnal commerce with any man but her husband ; because she cannot be unconscious of her own marriage, and therefore must know that she is both principal and accomplice, in the lying with another man's wife ; which is of the very essence, as the schoolmen say, of adultery.

“ This distinction between adultery and simple fornication is perfectly conformable to the ancient canons of the christian church, and the judgment of the ablest scholiasts ; before they were superseded by the modern innovations of popery. Thus Theodore Balsamon, in his Scholium on the 48th Apostolic canon, says that, if a married man has to do with a single woman, he does not commit adultery, but only fornication ; but, if he lies with a married woman he is an adulterer. Whereas, if a married woman has the carnal knowledge of any man whatever, except her husband, she commits adultery ‡.

“ The same doctrine is laid down also in the canons of St. Basil, and appears to be universally received by the primitive fathers of the ancient Greek and Latin churches.

“ Nor was this doctrine merely preceptive ; it was confirmed by discipline : for the husband was permitted, nay enjoined, to put away

* Agreeably, as he might have observed, to the ancient maxim, *actus non facit reum, nisi mens sit rea*.

† Wood Inst. page 277. See also Justinian's Code.

‡ Scias autem, quod vir quidem, si adhuc constante matrimonio cum aliqua muliere libera rem habeat, fornicationem, non adulterium, committit : non ita autem, si cum ea quæ viro conjuncta est ; tunc enim ut adulter punitur. Mulier autem, si cum alio quocunque, constante matrimonio coeat, ut adultera punitur.

See Beveridge's Synodicon. Tom. I. p. 32.

his wife for adultery ; but the woman was expressly forbid to leave, or put away, her husband for fornication, or even adultery.

" In the ninth canon of St. Basil, it is declared, on the authority also of Hieremias, that " if a married woman goes astray with a man, she shall not be returned to her husband ; but remain in her pollution. For to live with an adulteress is absurd and impious."* At the same time the same canon declares, and is strenuously seconded by the scholiasts, that a married woman cannot lawfully leave, or put away, her husband, though he be a fornicator and even an adulterer †."

Our Author next takes into consideration the terms of the marriage contract, and the moral obligation imposed by the plighted troth in matrimony, as celebrated in the church of England. In this part of his argument he is led to examine the alledged causes of its original institution, as it is said in the days of man's innocency. These are,

" First, It was ordained for the procreation of children, to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, and to the praise of his holy name.

" Secondly, It was ordained for a remedy against sin, and to avoid fornication ; that such persons as have not the gift of continency, might marry, and keep themselves undefiled members of Christ's body.

" Thirdly, It was ordained for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity." ‡

" It is very justly observed, by Milton, that the order of these causes is reversed. By the divine institution, the last was first and the first last. " And the Lord God said, it is not good that man should be alone, I will make him a help meet for him." It was after this, that God blessed them, and said unto them, " Be fruitful and multiply."

" As to the second of the above assigned causes, I do not see that it entered, at that time, into God's holy ordinance, at all ; and yet the minister expressly says, in the service, that the holy state of matrimony, as he is going to celebrate it, is an honourable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, though not a syllable is said in the scripture about the second cause.

* Si fuerit mulier cum alio viro, non revertetur ad virum suum, sed polluta polluetur. Qui habet adulteram *sultus et impius* ? Bas. Can. IX.

† Mulier siquidem, quæ a viro, secedit, alterique adjungitur, adultera judicatur, nec amplius a viro suo recipitur. Virum autem, etiamsi fornicatus fuerit, aut adulteratus, mulier relinquere *aud potest*. ZONAR de can. IX. *Basilii*.—The same scholiast, in his note on the 48th Apostolic canon, expresses himself also as follows. " If a married man have to do with a woman not his wife, we judge him guilty of fornication ; but *we have no canon* that subjects him to the punishment of *adultery*, if the woman, he lies with, be *unmarried* : the wife therefore must receive the husband returning from fornication, but the husband may turn his incontinent wife out of doors." " Si vir uxori cohabitans, cum altera fuerit, fornicatorem talem judicamus : Non tamen habemus canonem, quo adulterii crimini subijciatur, si sit in non-nuptam peccatum. Uxor itaque a fornicatione redeuntem maritum suum recipiet ; maritus vero pollutam ab ædibus suis excludet."

Beveridge's Synodicon.

‡ See the matrimonial service.

"There can be no doubt that chastity is a most amiable virtue as well in man as woman, and that the cause in question is a laudable incitement to marriage; it is a prudential and virtuous ordinance of man; but still it does not appear to be the ordinance of God, at the institution of marriage; if that institution took place, as the ritual says, in the time of man's innocency."

Our Author proceeds to confirm this reasoning from the example of the patriarchs and other eminent persons, living under the law: remarking, with respect to the above *second* cause, that "Occasion seems to have been taken, from a very equivocal passage in St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, to add this merely-moral motive to the religious causes of God's holy ordinance."

"The passage is this:

"Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband.—Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence: and likewise also the wife unto the husband."—1 Cor. chap. vii. ver. 2. 3.

"The apostle, however, expressly says, 'I speak this of permission, not of commandment.'" By which he plainly intimates that he speaks from doubtful, and not divine, authority; as he does in like manner, in more places than one in the same chapter*.

"And indeed, who, that has any respect for the fair sex, or the original institutions of God and nature, can conceive the apostle to have been here divinely inspired; when in the very introduction to these his remarks on the discipline of the marriage state, he declares totally against it, by saying "It is good for a man not to *touch* a woman." I might safely appeal against him to the gravest and chastest of our divines; to the whole male and female world; but I will examine first into the pretended authority.

"In the beginning of the creation, says the evangelist Mark, 'God made male and female.—For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife.'" "*Agglutinabitur uxori sue,*" says Theodore Beza.

"On the contrary, St. Paul, in a confessed reverie, says, 'It is good for a man not to touch a woman.'" Is not this diametrically opposite to the first institution of the ordinance of matrimony? Is it not directly contrary to the express command of God, given to the sexes at their creation? Is it not absolutely defeating the very end, for which they were created male and female?

"Shall we then set aside such positive and express commands of God, for the mere suggestion of an apostle, professedly uninspired at the time of his suggesting it?

"But even granting that St. Paul was inspired; at the time of promulgating these injunctions; it will not appear, on a fair examination of the text, that they militate against polygamy and concubinage, much less enjoin monogamy."

* Thus in verse xi. But to the rest speak I, not the Lord. And again, verse xxv. Now concerning virgins I have no commandment of the Lord, yet I give my judgment, &c.

To prove this, the writer enters into a criticism on the use of the words *γυνή* and *γυναῖς*; and on that of *ἱαυτός* and *ἰδίος*, which he says the translators of the New Testament have mistaken and confounded.

Not that our author is an advocate for polygamy: on the contrary, he shrewdly observes that one wife, particularly in times like these, is enough in all conscience for one man.

On the whole, his arguments want not acuteness nor his criticisms ingenuity; but how far they may be satisfactory to the *learned*, or even to the *ignorant*, must be left to the determination of his readers.

P O E T R Y

ART. XI. *The Sentence of Momus on the Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Batb.* 4to. 1s. No publisher's name.

The sentence, which the *London Reviewers* passed on the poetical amusements, may be seen in page 51 of the first number of their work.—Momus is by no means so candid or favourable in his judgment: his sentence is nevertheless in character, and perfectly consistent with the known humour of that laughter-loving God.

The Poet relates that AURORA, having posted away to the villa in question, to be present at the decision respecting the merit of the poetical productions included in the URN, their accustomed receptacle, VANESSA, the Lady of the house raised an altar, and paid her devotions TO LOVE; in consequence of which VENUS resolved, for the diversion of herself and son, to bring Momus with her to pass the sentence, which the poet thus introduces and records.

"That my lungs were as strong as a bellows and tough!
That I had full fifty tongues, which would scarce be enough,
Of iron, or brass, or more durable metal,
To sing all the songs that came out of the kettle!
(I call it a kettle instead of an urn,
Not in joke, but because it best answers my turn).
To discover the name of each candidate bard
Who thronging advanc'd to receive his reward!
For their names they, themselves, were too modest to own,
Until their demerits or merits were known:
'Tis strange, such a group of aspirants to fame
So backward should be in acquiring a name——

"But first see VANESSA herself in the van!
At a distance her spouse, a right good natur'd man——
This pair stood the foremost, each bursting for praise:
Each had honour'd the URN with a great many lays.

"I praise, said the god, their most excellent fare;

"But at present I've none for their verses to spare,
And if right I the spirit of prophecy cast,
The praise of their feasts will all praises out-last.

"Ah Monsieur de TEMS! I presume spick and span——

"This sonnet is form'd on an elegant plan;

"But my judgeship you must not expect to cajole——

"Restore it to Lilly, from whom it was stole,

"Campaspe, I ween, made the fortunate bet——

"'Twas to her Cupid lost both his eyes at piquet.

"And as to your other——Not the beautiful maids,

"In frolic disporting round Bathaston shades,

- ' Not all the attendants of cicesbee dames,
- ' Not the Nymphs of the groves, with the nymphs of the streams,
- ' Tho' I praise their good humour, their laughter and glee,
- ' Shall save it from damning by MOMUS' decree.'
- " The MARCIA of R—s comes the next up to view,—
- ' The picture of P—T, and the likeness is true,—
- ' Train up, said the wiseman, (not mal a propos)
- ' Your child in the way you would have him to go.---
- ' The P---s have avail'd of a parent's example,
- ' Of which I produce L-g---r as a sample.'
- " My Lord of — (to D---y related,
- Who his monarch betray'd, and the treasury cheated)
- To the banks of AVONA has taken his flight,
- Since he finds nothing else can afford him delight :
- ' Oh let him keep snug in his EMILY's arms,
- ' And he soon will give up all the Batheaston charms.'
- " More room here—more room make for Mrs. L--r--e,
- To Easton she comes, as she says, in her coach,
- In hopes to receive the reward of her lays—
- ' She has had it—in driving four beautiful bays.'
- " Whip and spur comes a D--x on his Pegasus, sure
- ' From the rest to himself the best prize to secure---
- ' 'Tis a farce Master D--x and quite out of the way,
- ' To equip with a saddle a horse for the dray.'
- " A Sed---y the next—he can write if he please—
- ' Well fam'd was his grandfire for smart repartees,
- ' As witness the answer he made to King James,
- ' Just before the poor monarch embark'd on the Thames.
- " The claim of you—perhaps may be strong
- ' To tie up, like ANSON, the world in a thong—
- ' But certes, I weet, in the matter of Byng
- ' The world thought that *somebody* wanted—a string.
- ' I know where you did for *yourself* very well,
- ' What time Moro castle, by accident, fell,
- ' While your sailors, by no means the least in deserving,
- ' Back to England return'd in fit order for starving—
- ' But admit on the seas you can sound an alarm—
- ' Is that any reason your verses must charm ?
- ' But if you will write, you will spend your time better
- ' To write for your brother a *pastoral letter*.'
- " Here are trifles by one, soon to be my Lord P--t—
- ' He may pass for a P---r, tho' he won't for a wit.'—
- " Here's by many a different hand an Ænigma—
- Acrostic—' on every one stamp me a stigma—
- ' Ænigmas, nonsensical things at the best,
- ' And I nothing so much as acrostics detest'—
- Bout's rimés in abundance—' Ah none of these vary—
- ' Let them all share the fate of Don Quixôte's library.'
- " What—this by her G---e too ?—' This may drop from her
- clutches—
- ' On her broad bottom plan shall escape the fat D-----s.
- ' Else she may not deign, for the future, to feast on
- ' The muffins and puffsins, so fam'd at Batheaston.'
- " Here's one too compos'd by a child, you are told—
- ' No critique on misses eleven years old.'
- " Here are many appear in Lord Pal-m-n's name—
- ' His Lordship has long had a title to fame :

* For great is his merit—all who know him allow it—
 * But such subjects as these will spoil a good poet.
 “ But bless me what’s this ? ’Tis a stranger, that fues
 And begs of his judge, to be kind to the muse.
 * I grant his pretension (tho’ somewhat the oddest)
 * So let him pass on, for he’s really too modest—
 ’Twere endless the rest of the group to recount,
 Who throng’d to be dipt in the Helicon fount—
 * A separate critique, said the god, is too much,
 * Like the web of a spider too weak for my touch,
 * And as most of them seem to be birds of a feather,
 * (As the old adage says) they will well flock together.
 * Tie them up then in bundles and burn them by dozens—
 Here’s a poem still left, elegiac, by Co--ns—
 Cries Momus, ‘ this merits a different doom,
 * Tho’ envy may hint it was written by Coo--
 * Restore it to him, to which e’er it belongs,
 * Let him mingle no more with such songsters and songs.’

ART. XII. *Particular Providence: A Poetical Essay.* By William Woty. 4to. 18. Parker.

It is difficult to say whether the present production reflects more honour on its ingenious and worthy Author, as a poet, than as a Christian and a man. Sentiments of religion and humanity, so pleasingly blended, do credit to both ; while the argument made use of to prove the superintendence of a particular Providence breathes equally spirit of piety and philosophy.

“ In spite of Subtlety, in spite of Wit,
 That faith I hold, which I will never quit,
 Never, while Life, and Gratitude remain,
 Impair’d by Sickness, or oppress’d with pain.
 With sounding words let Sophists strike me mute,
 Me they may silence, but they can’t confute.
 Their taunts, O PROVIDENCE ! I’ll learn to bear,
 And own thy present, thy peculiar care.
 Thou from the first hast cheer’d me on my way,
 By night hast watch’d me, watch’d through the day,
 My cradled infancy, my childish state,
 My giddy youth, and manhood more sedate,
 Tho’ mine to thank thee, still ’tis mine to crave
 Thine aid on earth, thy love beyond the grave,
 To beg protection with a heart sincere,
 When woes are distant, or when woes are near ;
 Heedless of all, who call me wrong in this,
 I think it duty, and I feel it bliss.”

After pursuing a connected chain of reasoning mixed with some poetical illustrations of his subject, Mr. Woty concludes his poem, with the following precept and example.

“ Rest, mortals, rest ! forbear the fruitless strife,
 And tread with humble steps the Vale of life.
 By night be grateful, grateful through the day,
 Submit and learn, your duty is to pray.
 “ Thou God ador’d ! who often work’st thy ends
 By second means, which Man not comprehends,
 O let me thank thee for each favor past !
 Nor doubt thy goodness, if deny’d the last

But

But with devotions equal spirit warm,
 Praise the in Sun-shine, praise thee in the Storm ;
 When ills invade, O ! grant me grace divine,
 Strength to support, or patience to resign ;
 Faith on thy Mercies firmly to rely,
 Meekness to live, and fortitude to die.
 To thee all Nations lift their ardent Voice,
 In thee all Nations ever must rejoice ;
 But chiefly those, where Gospel Truths prevail,
 Thy saving help in songs of Triumph hail.
 And hark ! sweet Echo from the Savage shore,
 Unblest, or undebauch'd with Learning's store ;
 Where simple Nature un-enlighten'd reigns,
 Pours on my ear the full accordant strains ;
 With rapture I the gen'ral Chorus join,
 With rapture own thy Providence benign,
 And whilst the Chorus I conspire to fill,
 Confessing free thy UNIVERSAL Will ;
 Thy love PARTICULAR to favour'd Man,
 I can't deny, and pity those who can."

ART. XIII. *Duelling. A Poem*, 4to. 1s. Davies:

This production is dedicated to the University of Cambridge ; with what propriety of patronage, we know not, unless its Author be a Cantab, or because

" That, shame to learning, duels still remain,

In spite of knowledge, or conviction's train :"

Hence it appears that the poet alternately invokes both ignorance and wisdom to put a stop to them.

" Wisdom ! to thee I call—the goddess flies,

And deaf to Folly, scorns my mournful cries."

This is a mournful case we must allow ; nor do we conceive the following pathetic application to the Duellists themselves, will prove a jot more effectual.

" O ye, *who never think*, with honour play,

Learn to revere the laws, their pow'r obey ;

Let rules divine and human awe your mind,

And be by gentleness alone confin'd ;

Forbear your murders, your rash duels cease,

Nor thus your vile enormities increase."

Good advice all this ! but we fear it is entirely thrown away upon those *who never think*.

ART. XIV. *A short Essay on Charles Churchill. Written in 1764.*

With Notes and Alterations in 1774. To a Friend. 4to. 1s. Flexney.

Brevi esse laboro, our Author's Motto from Horace, he couples with two lines of Butler's *Hudibras*,

For brevity is very good,

If 'tis, or 'tis not understood.

But he has impressed the Latin poet by force into his service ; for, if we forget not, Horace, when he uses the above expression is censuring too great brevity ; adding, as the necessary consequence, *obscurus fio*. We need not recur, however, to such learned authority, in

in order to characterise this performance; as his friend, or, as it should seem, his wife, Mrs. Smith, has so well done it, in her dialogue with him in his postscript.

AUTHOR.

—*Va, mea proles!*

MRS. SMITH.

Rudis & indigesta moles!

English and Latin—flesh and fish

Tois'd up together in a dish—

Stuff unconnected—wind and rain—

Chaos—confusion in the brain.

AUTHOR.

Forgive—

MRS. SMITH.

Forgive! I say forgive—

Just like my husband, as I live!

P L A Y S.

ART. XV. *The Rivals, a Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Wilkie.

The Author of this comedy, not having thought proper to give his name to the public, we cannot take upon us to give any information of it to our readers. It is probable he thought it sufficient to hint (as he does in a contemptuous reprimand to certain contemptible criticks *) that he is a gentleman †. Whether he is one of those who are satirized by Pope, as

The herd of gentlemen, who write with ease,
we know not; but this we know, that he hath made us, his reviewers, at two different times not a little uneasy; the one at the four-hours' representation of his piece, and the other at the two-hours' reading of it. Not that we mean by this to depreciate the abilities of the Author; as we really make the distinction, with which he has complimented the sagacity of the town, between *inexperience* and *incapacity*. We must, indeed, frankly declare that, though we laboured with some disgust through that heterogeneous mass of matter, which, instead of calling it, with propriety, a *sentimental farce*, he styles a *comedy*; we yet discovered, with frequent surprize and pleasure, the *disjecta membra poetæ* throughout; perceiving, with some satisfaction, the *stamina*, at least, of a fine genius for dramatic poesy. The characters of *Faulkland* and *Julia* display an admirable turn for nice observation on the workings of the human heart; in which respect they are perhaps inferior to nothing ever exhibited on the English stage. *Fag* is a good improvement on Congreve's *Jeremy*, and the impudent

* See preface page ix.

† If, by this intimation, the author means to take any advantage of his personal character, we conceive that, however gentle he may be, he is not a whit less simple; as no gentleman can take any advantage of his character, as such, while he conceals his name. Flesh and blood, in complicit steel, cannot take up the cause of a rogue in buckram.

valets, who were so long the fiddle of the French and English comedy, *Sir Anthony Absolute* is a character, that, without the advantage of originality, has great merit: nor does his son, the Captain, altogether disgrace his parentage. But, having said this, in justice to the Author*, we must, in justice to ourselves and our readers, confess, that most of his other characters are very exceptionable. His *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* is a walking ghost, the mere shadow of a character, a non-entity, an honest Irish fortune-hunter †. His *Acres* is a looby hardly good enough for the fool of a farce ‡. His *Lydia Languish*, a miserable half-copy of a fine portrait, the Author might have drawn, from Mrs. Lennox's Female Quixote. His *Mrs. Malaprop* an overcharged, bedaubed, smeared painting, after the slip-slop of Harry Fielding; in which the Author has 'most disgustingly out-slip-slop'd SLIP-SLOP.—His *Lucy*, not the worst of his characters, is yet a personage merely artificial. In one scene we find her expressing herself in terms refined enough for a woman of the first education and distinction; in another, like an Abigail, as she is, or one of the grossest of the vulgar §. Of the plot and conduct of the piece we say nothing, as indeed nothing to any purpose can well be said. We cannot, however, dismiss this performance without recurring to the preface; in which, under the affected cover of modest humility, seems discoverable such a latent self-sufficiency, not to say arrogance, that the lenity, to which the first essay of a young writer might otherwise lay claim, appears to be justly forfeited. We shall begin with the last paragraph, subjecting ourselves to the trite ridicule of reading it, as they say the witches do the Lord's prayer, backwards.

"It is usual, I believe, to thank the performers in a new play, for the exertion of their several abilities. But where (as in this instance) their merit has been so striking and uncontroverted, as to call for the warmest and truest applause from a number of judicious audiences, the poet's after-praise comes like the feeble acclamation of a child to close the shouts of a multitude. The conduct, however, of the principals in a theatre cannot be so apparent to the public.—I think it therefore but justice to declare, that from this theatre (the only one I can speak of from experience), those writers who wish to try the dramatic line, will meet with that candour and liberal atten-

* And, we may say, out of compassion for his bookfeller; who, we are assured, has been booby enough to give almost twice as much for the copy, as ever was before given for the best comedy exhibited on the English stage.

† To mend the matter, the Author makes him forget the very word *modesty*, notwithstanding he has put into his mouth the modestest, and though as much out of character, the shrewdest sentiment, that ever was uttered by a man of any country.

"I am so poor that I can't afford to do a dirty action."

‡ One specimen of this fellow's wit may suffice. "Mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand the French lingo — Their *pas* this and *pas* that, and *pas* t'other.—*Damme*, my feet don't like to be called *pas*."—His *sentimental swearing*, also, "Odds bottles and glasses! Odds triggers and flints! Odds jiggs and tabors! &c." is puerile to the last degree.

§ Act I. "I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune.—Act II. Scene II. "I could not have thought he would have been so nice, when there's a golden egg in the case, as to care whether he has it from a pullet or an old hen."

tion, which are generally allowed to be better calculated to lead genius into excellence, than either the precepts of judgement, or the guidance of experience."

Now, though it be natural and grateful to speak well of the bridge one goes safely over, it may be hurtful to recommend the same path to others. Where this young man could find out, also, that any thing was better calculated to lead genius to excellence, than "the precepts of judgment and the guidance of experience," we cannot divine. Certain it is, that *young* men should not too rashly lay down general maxims, or declare that to be "generally allowed," which nobody allows but themselves; nor (to speak in the phrase of the nation) themselves neither: for our Author admits that he is highly indebted to the manager for his *judgment and experience* in CURTAILING of his piece. The great impropriety, indeed, of our Author's recommending Covent-Garden theatre to other dramatic writers, appears even from that behaviour to him, for which he applauds the managers.

"It has been said, says he, that the managers should have prevented some of the defects before its appearance to the public—and in particular the uncommon length of the piece as represented the first night.—It were an ill return for the most liberal and gentlemanly conduct on their side, to suffer any censure to rest where none was deserved. Hurry in writing has long been exploded as an excuse for an author;—however, in the dramatic line it may happen, that both an author and a manager may wish to fill a chasm in the entertainment of the public with a hastiness not altogether culpable. The season was advanced when I first put the play into Mr. Harris's hands:—it was at that time at least double the length of any acting comedy.—I profited by his judgment and experience in the curtailment of it—till, I believe, his feeling for the vanity of a young author got the better of his desire for correctness, and he left many excrescences remaining, because he had assisted in pruning so many more."

That our young Author has been much obliged to Mr. Harris we can readily believe; and, if we are rightly informed, at the expence of others, who had a prior claim to his civility*. But where Mr. Harris got his judgment and experience in correcting plays we know not. That Mr. Garrick, or even Mr. Colman, when either can divest himself of the pitiful passions of avarice and jealousy, is capable of serving a young author in this respect, is well known: but, unless Mr. Colman, in parting with his share of the patent, made over to the remaining proprietors his judgment and experience, we know not where either of them could get it. That Mr. Harris is a very sensible, discerning young man, we well know; but our Author

* This writer insinuates that the managers were in want of new pieces, for the entertainment of the public, when the season was advanced. This we have reason to think, not true! and that the *burry*, this Author was put into to fill up the *chasm*, as he calls it, is altogether chimerical. If this literary cadet has had the luck to get promoted over the heads of veteran officers, who "have done the state some service," he should have been contented with his good fortune and not have insulted his seniors by so ill-timed a boast of it.

knows little of the stage, if he does not know, that this is the first season of his management; as it is of his own appearance as a playwright: so that the judgment Mr. Harris can have acquired by experience cannot be very great. By *intuition*, indeed, he might be possessed of the sagacity to know that a piece, twice as long as it should be, ought to be *curtailed*. But, as to the excrescencies that ought more particularly to be pruned, it appears that the manager was modest enough to leave a sufficient quantity to the lopping of the audience. In regard to the modesty of our Author, it is of so very singular a kind, that, as he promises to be an ornament to the English drama, we take the liberty, our age and experience allow us, to give him some wholesome advice.

Admitting his own "extreme inexperience and want of judgment on matters, in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept," he yet denies that such *extreme* inexperience and want of judgment should deter him from writing a play; for that he may gain experience, as he has done, by practice.—But what should we say of a young man of any other profession, who should enter upon the practice of it, while extremely ignorant of its theory. Would he be likely to succeed? Or would any man of common prudence venture to employ him? Yet this Author acknowledges, that he is by no means conversant with plays in general, either in reading or at the theatre; confessing at the same time that he does not regret his ignorance; because truly, his first great object was to avoid the appearance of plagiarism.

"I thought, says he, I should stand a better chance of effecting this from being in a walk which I had not frequented, and where consequently the progress of invention was less likely to be interrupted by starts of recollection: for on subjects on which the mind has been much informed, invention, is slow of exerting itself.—Faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and the imagination in its fullest enjoyment becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted."

Doubtless the thought here is prettily expressed; it only wants propriety of application. Modern authors certainly lie under many disadvantages from which their predecessors were free: of these the want of originality is a daily increasing one. But the writer, who thinks to avoid "the appearance of plagiarism," by forbearing to read the writings of preceding authors, will often incur that appearance when he is really original. He may be sensible of this, and congratulate himself on the discovery of his own strength, by seeing how great wits jump. But what is his originality to the public, who receive the faded idea, flowing from his imagination in its fullest enjoyments, as trite, hackneyed and common? It was a severe sarcasm thrown out against a young writer of our Author's disposition, when he was reproached with having written more books than he had ever read. What should we think of a painter, who should avoid the study of the compositions of the great masters of his art, under pretence of setting up himself as an *Original*! Surely the best that could be said of him, would be that he was indeed an ORIGINAL!

ART. XVI. *The Rival Candidates : A Comic Opera, in Two Acts; as it is now performing at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By the Rev. Henry Bates, 8vo. 1s. Becket.*

Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine.

So says the Poet; by a converse of the proposition, therefore, we may call

Pertness, profane in Parsons, not so sound.

Not that we would insinuate the *Rival Candidates* to be either too pert or too dull for the pert, dull species of drama, under which it is classed. At the same time, it must be owned it is sufficiently *profane*, to come *professedly* from the hands of a REVEREND *Divine*. Out of our regard, indeed, to the sacerdotal function, we could wish this scion of their respectable tree, had not been so openly grafted on the despicable stock of a stage-player.

The poetical defects of the piece, we shall the more readily pass over, for two reasons; the one is our aversion to the piddling work of breaking

———— a butterfly upon the wheel:

the other the apology which the Author himself makes for his piece in the advertisement prefixed to it.

“THE RIVAL CANDIDATES is an attempt of the dramatic kind, undertaken by the writer from no motive of literary vanity, but in order to introduce to the world, a young musical composer, whose taste he conceived might do honour to his profession.

“The reformer of the English drama no sooner was informed of him, than he kindly consented to an early trial of his abilities, and discovered a generous anxiety for his success.

“The author arrogates to himself but a moderate share of that universal applause with which his piece has been received, particularly when he recollects how much of it is derived from the kind attention of Mr. GARRICK, in the double capacity, of friend, and manager;—and what immense claims those respectable persons have, who fill his little canvass with such credit to themselves, and their profession.”

As it is become the fashion for *play-wrights* to stoop so low as to burn incense to the *performers*, we readily excuse our Author for admitting the *immense claims to credit* of those *respectable personages* who exhibited his little drama. We cannot, however, think it so becoming in a *poet*, particularly if he be also a *parson*, to appear in the character of a *parasite* to a *player*; even though the said player should be a *manager*, the PRINCE of *buffoons*, and the *patron* of a *church-living*. Indeed, had not our Author mentioned the name of Mr. Garrick, we should have been at some loss to know who was meant by the *Reformer of the English Drama*; as it would never have entered into our head, that the author of *Cymon* and the other *raree-shows*, exhibited at *Drury-lane theatre* since the putting down of *Bartholomew-fair*, merited so honourable an appellation.

To this opera is added a pleasant epilogue, not unworthy the pen of the little man himself, notwithstanding its humour turns on the tractability of a large dog. This whimsical appendage has been much
applauded

applauded for its originality and humour; but we cannot conscientiously pay its author any encomium on the score of *originality*, while we recollect the burthen of an old song, that used to be chaunted some years ago, by a famous itinerant minstrel, through the several market-towns and villages of England. We may give him, nevertheless, the credit of having happily adopted so applicable an *envoy*, to recommend his production to the audience; as he might prudently apprehend the spectators would, after its exhibition, be in a suitable situation to receive it.—The chaunt was this,

My dog and I have got a trick,
To cure ye all, when ye are sick;
When ye are sick and like to die,
Oh! then come in MY DOG and I*.

MY DOG and I:

Oh! then come in MY DOG and I!

But we must here take leave of these *Rival Candidates for comic fame*, the *parson* and his *dog*; who having successfully gone on *passibus æquis*, may be not unaptly complimented with the title of *par nobile fratrum*.—"Thank ye, Mr. Reviewer.—A pretty classical way of calling a man son of a B——!" Kindly welcome, *Reverend Sir!*
CANICULA CANONICA COLENDISSIMA, VALE!

ART. XVII. *Braganza: A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane. Svo. 1s. 6d. Evans.*

The very flattering reception, which this play met with in its first representation, will appear to many of its readers not a little problematical. Indeed the spectators of its repeated exhibition began soon to discover its deficiency of incident, and improbability of plot. The four first acts are, in fact, little more than introductory dialogues to a scene in the fifth; in which the chief merit of the piece undoubtedly consists. To account, however, for the extravagant applause, with which it was received in the Theatre, is not difficult with those who are acquainted with the laudable nationality of the gentlemen of Ireland, their warm attachment to their friends, and that excessive zeal which animates them to support every thing, which lays claim to the protection of their country. It would be invidious to particularize the recent instances, that might be mentioned, of dramatic productions, which by means of this nationality have been for a while as extravagantly applauded, as is the Tragedy of *Braganza*; productions that now will not draw the charges of the house, and, of course, are thrown by and neglected. We must not be understood, by this, to insinuate that the present production does not deserve great applause. As the first attempt of a young writer, unpractised in the arts of the stage, it has much and undoubted, merit. The language is spirited and sometimes splendid, the sentiments noble and frequently sublime; nor are the incidents, few as they are, inexpedient or ill-imagined: Amidst the splendour of dic-

* The learned reader is desired to recollect that Caxton, Aldus, the Elder Stevens and Dr. Percy, in their several editions of this old song, all agree in the above typography.

tion, however, our young Author in soaring to the sublime, often falls into the absurd or sinks into bombast*; and, in aiming at striking expedients and interesting situations, sometimes stumbles into the improbable.

We do not say, with our Author's sanguine admirers, that the single scene, we have hinted at, in the fifth act, will atone for these or greater defects. That it will go far toward it, our readers, who with critical justice are disposed to mix a little Christian charity, must yet be equally disposed to admit.

The story of the play is taken from the history of the famous Revolution in Portugal, which delivered that country from the tyranny of Spain and placed the family of Braganza on the throne. The scene in question, takes place immediately after the conspirators had succeeded in dispossessing the Spanish governor Velasquez of his authority, and driving him from the palace. Beset on every side, and the utmost distress, this detested deputy escapes in disguise and flies for shelter to the palace of the Duke of Braganza, where meeting with the Dutchess, she most heroically undertakes to shield him from her angry husband's rage: on which the following scene is exhibited.

The DUKE entering.

DUKE. Throw wide the palace gates—Let all have entrance.

DUT. His well-known voice—'Tis he, 'tis he himself!

DUKE *without*. Where is my Queen?

DUT. Quick let me fly to meet him,
Fly to my hero's breast.— [*Velasquez seizes her and draws a dagger.*]

VELAS. Hold madam, hold,

Thus I arrest your transports.

DUT. Barbarian! monster!

DUKE *entering*. What sounds are these? Horror! Inhuman slave?

Turn thy fell poniard here.

VELAS. Approach not, stir not.

Or by the blackest furies hell ere loos'd,

This dagger drinks her blood.

DUKE. See, I obey,

I breathe not, stir not, I am rooted here.

Here will I grow for ages.

* Of these defects of stile and imagery we shall instance only a few. In Act I, Almada, describing the character of Don Juan, says,

—O'er the tem'rate current of his blood,
The gentlest passions brush their breezy wings,
To animate, but not disturb the stream.

In Act III. He soliloquizes thus:

Now *rayless* midnight flings her *sable* pall
Athwart the horizon, and with pond'rous mace,
In dead repose weighs down o'er-labour'd nature,
While we, the busy instruments of fate,
Unmindful of her season, wake like ghosts,
To add new horrors to the *shadowy* scene.

If these passages are not mere *fustian* they are but sorry piled velvet.

Again, in Act IV. The gentle-passioned Duke declares:

Anon we'll rouse them with so loud a peal,
That Death's dull ear shall hear it.

We did not think that even the college youths could ring such a peal as this; but that the last dread trumpet only could pierce

— The dull, cold ear of death!

VOL. I.

L

DUT.

DUT. Oh my Juan !

DUKE. O horrible ! Does Juan live for this ?
Curs'd be the fatal fire that led my steps
To follow false ambition, while I left
To lurking robbers an unguarded prize ;
This gem more worth than crowns or worlds can ransom.

VELAS. Take back a name more foul, thou dark usurper.
Was it for this, thy unsuspecting prince
With lavish bounty to thy faithless hand
Trusted his royal functions ? Thus to arm
'Gainst his own breast, thy black ingratitude.

DUKE. Must I endure it ?

DUT. Out ! false hypocrite !
Thy tyrants snares were found, his flimsy nets
To catch that precious life long since unravel'd,
Thy conscious cheek avows it.

VELAS. Be it so.—

DUT. Coward ! Perfidious coward ! Is it thus,
Thus you requite—

VELAS. Thy foolish pity—thus—
Here me thou rebel—Is this woman dear ?

DUKE. O heavens !

VELAS. Thy straining eyes, thy agonizing heart,
Thy life's inglorious dotage all proclaim it.

DUT. Peace, devil, peace, nor wound his generous soul
By taunts that fiends might blush at.

DUKE. Speak thy purpose.

VELAS. Then briefly thus—call off thy traitorous guards,
—The fruits of thy foul treason, every post,
Seiz'd by the midnight plots, thy rebel arms
Restore again to Spain—Back to the palace
Give me safe conduct---To thy oaths I trust not ;
It must be done this instant---leave my power
To intercede with Spain for thy full pardon,
And grace to all, whom thy ill-star'd ambition
Led to this base revolt---Else, by my rage !
The boiling rage that works my soul to frenzy,
Thou shalt behold this beauteous bosom gor'd,
All over gash'd and mangled.

DUT. Strike this instant !

DUKE. Hold, ruffian, hold !

DUT. Give me a thousand deaths ;
Here let me fall a glorious sacrifice,
Rather than buy my life by such dishonour.
(To the Duke) If thy fond love accept these shameful terms
That moment is my last---these hands shall end me.
(To Velasquez) Blood thirsty tyger, glut thy fury here.

VELAS. Her courage blasts my purpose (*aside*) dost thou brave me.

DUT. Defy thee---yes---feel, do I shrink or tremble ?
Serene undaunted will I meet the blow ;
But ev'ry drop that stains thy reeking hands,
In thy last pangs shall cry for vengeance on thee.
Furies shall seize thee, shake their scorpion whips,
And in thy deafen'd ears still hollow, murder.

VELAS. No more---Resolve---(To the Duke)---Not Heaven itself
can save her !

Ha !

Ha! darkness cover me! he still alive!
Fate thou hast caught me---Every hope is lost.

[Enter Ramirez wounded, Almada, Ribiro, Mendoza and others following---The Duke and Dutchess run to each others arms---Velasquez is seized.

DUKE. I have thee once again, my heart's best treasure,
Say'd from the vulture's talons---O dire fiend!

Surely the tyrant Governor's quitting the Dutchess, and losing so fair an opportunity of either providing for his own safety or glutting his revenge, is both out of character and improbable! We cannot think the poet has even done justice to the character of his hero; who betrays a timidity unworthy Don Juan, as he is described by Vertot his historian; who, though he particularly extols the intrepidity of the Dutchess, as more extraordinary in a woman, does by no means represent her husband as the tame, timorous thing the poet paints him.

From the nature of the subject, we expected a greater profusion of glowing sentiments in detestation of tyrants and favour of public liberty, than we have met with in this play. It is possibly true, as reported, that the piece has in that respect undergone a severe pruning at the Licencer's: in which case we do sincerely lament the situation of dramatic writers; whose genius is thus cramped by the fetters of state policy.

ART. XVIII. *Matilda, a Tragedy, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane. By the Author of the Earl of Warwick.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell.

"PERMIT me, SIR," says the Author in his dedication to the Public, "to return you my unfeigned thanks for your kind reception of this *tragedy* on the stage, and to request the continuance of your favour to it in the closet." On a writer so very grateful as to thank us for nothing, or, at least, for very little, and so modest as to think himself indebted to favour for that which he might justly have claimed of merit, one would make some little effort to confer an obligation; unless, indeed, as we shrewdly suspect, this is but the copy of a countenance, which old stagers seldom put on without some interested view. "It would be the highest ingratitude," continues he, "to forget the only patron I ever had the good fortune to meet with, by whose powerful assistance I have been enabled to defeat the combined forces of *envy, malice and detraction*." A glorious defeat indeed! and yet he fairly confesses that "he *believes* his victory over the enemy was owing more to the art and prowess of his *officers* than to any extraordinary merit of his own. To the first in command, Miss YOUNGE, I have *infinite* obligations," says he, "which I shall always gratefully acknowledge; though I may never have it in my power to repay them; nor can the skill and conduct of my *Generals*, REDDISH, SMITH and PALMER, be sufficiently admired." Our readers will hardly suspect, from this writer's manner of addressing his patron thus *en militaire*, that he is notwithstanding a reverend son of the church. Yet so it is; though his humility appears to have forgot the adage, of which ecclesiastics in general are so tenacious; *cedunt*

arma togæ. But, perhaps, as his Generalissimo was a female, he thought it no degradation of the *gown* to fight under the *petticoat*. Seriously, the Author of this tragedy has but little to thank the town for, either with regard to the profit or credit he has reaped from its representation on the stage, notwithstanding that *infinity* of obligation it has laid him under to the players * It is to be hoped its real merit, which is not a little, will recommend it more powerfully, and do him more honour in the closet.

That it *reads* well, to use the booksellers' phrase, may be gathered from the following specimen, taken from the scene in which Matilda, a captive princess, in love with her conqueror's brother, repulses the suit of the former, and avows her passion for the latter.

"MATILDA. The good and just, my lord, demand our praise,
And gen'rous deeds will claim the tribute due,
The debt of humble gratitude; but love,
Love, that must mark the colour of our days
For good or ill, for happiness or woe,
'Tis not the gift of fortune, or of fame,
Nor earn'd by merit, nor acquired by virtue.
All the rich treasures, which, or wealth, or pow'r
Have to bestow, can never purchase that
Which the free heart alone itself must give.

MORCAR. Give it with freedom then to him who most
Hath study'd to deserve——

MATILDA. You talk, my Lord,
As if the right of conquest cou'd bestow
A right more precious, and a dearer claim;
But know, for now 'tis time to throw aside
The veil that long hath hid from Morcar's eyes
The secret of my soul; and say at last
I never can be thine.

MORCAR. Ha! Never! O,
Distraction! can it be? Take heed, Matilda,
I am not to be mock'd thus, O, my brother!
Did'st thou not hear her? But astonishment
Has clos'd thy lips in silence---Never mine!
And wherefore not be mine? [Turning to Matilda.

MATILDA. Because I am,
Another's——

---Wherefore shou'd Matilda blush to own
A virtuous passion for the best of men!

MORCAR. A virtuous passion! grant me patience, heav'n!
I am betray'd, abandon'd, lost. Another's!
Some fawning slave, some Norman plunderer,
Rich with the ravish'd spoils of English valour,
Hath snar'd her easy heart, and tortur'd mine.
But I will drag him from his dark abode;
Where e'er he lurks, he shall not 'scape my veng'ance.
Thou hear'st her, Edwin.

* We do not recollect that, before the present æra, dramatic writers, though civil enough to the players, ever discovered such an *immensity* and *infinity* of merit in the performers. Can it be that the Bettertons, Booths, Quins, Oldfields, Cibbers, Pritchards, and Weddingtons, were so very inferior to the actors and actresses of the present day? Most of the former we have seen and admired; there are few of the latter we do not admire too much to go to see.

EDWIN. Aye:—

Why shou'd Morcar think
That lovely maid wou'd aſt beneath herſelf,
And make ſo mean a choice? Now, on my ſoul,
I doubt not but the object of her love
Hath earn'd the glorious prize, and will be found
Deſerving of it.

MORCAR. Now by heav'n,
But that I know thine eyes were never bleſt
With my Matilda's charms, I ſhou'd ſuſpect
Thou haſt betray'd the ſacred truſt repos'd
In thy falſe heart, by unſuſpecting friendſhip,
And wer't thyſelf the traitor.

EDWIN. Think ſo ſtill
Let fancy, ever buſy to torment
The jealous mind, alarm thee with the thought
Of ſeeing him, whom thou haſt thus revil'd;
Stand forth and dare the proof; ſuppoſe him here
Before thee, ready to aſſert his claim,
His prior right to all the joys that love
And fair Matilda can beſtow: Then look
On me, and know thy rival in---thy brother

P O L I T I C S.

ART. XIX. *The Speech of the Right Honourable John Wilkes, Esq; Lord Mayor of London, on the Motion of Lord North, for an Addreſs, to his Maſteſty, againſt the Americans.* 3d. Witaker.

Among the numerous declamations, that have engaged attention in as well as out of the *houſe*, we have heard and read none that appears ſo much deſerving it, as this of our popular Lord Mayor. Other ſpeakers abound in words, and may poſſeſs more of the graces of elocution, and a happier fluency of enunciation; but theſe, compared to propriety of expreſſion, and force of argument, are as contemptible as the ſounding braſs and the tinkling cymbal.

It is probable that moſt of our readers have beſtowed a curſory peruſal on this ſpeech, in the news-papers; but as the importance of its ſubject deſerves it ſhould make a more laſting impreſſion, than news-paper reading generally ſtamps, we ſhall extract one or two of the moſt ſtriking paſſages, as a political memorial; to which our readers may poſſibly hereafter wiſh to refer.

The firſt great object, of our quarrel with America, is the diſputed right of taxation; which this able Senator, therefore, after a ſhort exordium, takes up with great propriety.

“ The aſſumed right of *taxation without the conſent* of the ſubject is plainly the primary cauſe of the preſent quarrel. Have we, Sir, any right to tax the Americans? That is the queſtion. The fundamental laws of human nature, and the principles of the Engliſh conſtitution, are equally repugnant to the claim. The very idea of property excludes the right of another's taking any thing from me without my conſent—I cannot, elſe, call it my own. What property have I in what another perſon can ſeize at his pleaſure? If we tax the Americans without their conſent, the/ have no property, nothing which

which they can call their own; we might take their all. The words "Liberty and property," so dear to an Englishman, so pleasing in our ears, would become mockery and insult to an American. The laws of society are *professedly* calculated to secure the property of each individual, of every subject of the state. The great principles of the constitution under which we live, likewise clearly determine this point. All subsidies to the crown are grants from the Commons, free gifts from the people. Their full consent is always expressed in the grant. Much has been said of the Palatinate of Chester, and the Principality of Wales, and the period of their taxation; but, Sir, there is a more remarkable case in point, which alone would determine the question. If gentlemen will search the records in the Tower, they will find that the town of Calais in France, when it belonged to the Imperial Crown of these realms, was not taxed till it sent representatives to parliament. Two burgesses from Calais actually sat and voted in this house. Then, and not till then, was Calais taxed."

This argument, confirmed by the constant practice of the Commons respecting money-bills, is certainly a good one.—Of the real disposition of the Americans, and the misrepresentations of them to the public, their zealous advocate speaks thus:

"The Americans, Sir, have of late both within doors and without been treated with the greatest injustice, and even a wanton degree of cruelty. An honourable gentleman has just told us that they complain of the *navigation act*, and insist on its repeal. We have authentic evidence to the contrary. In the resolutions of the congress they repeatedly desire to be put only on the footing they were at the close of the last war, "as to the system of statutes and regulations;" nor among the various acts, of which they desire the repeal, do they once mention either the *navigation* or *declaratory acts*. It is said likewise, they wish to throw off the supremacy of this country. Many express resolutions, both of the general congress and the provincial congresses, are the fullest evidence of the sense which the Americans entertain of their obedience and duty to this country. They are too numerous to be quoted. Their full claim, as stated by themselves, is so well worded, I beg to read it to the house from their petition to the King. *We ask but for peace, liberty and safety.* Surely, Sir, no request was more reasonable, no claim better founded. *We wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit a grant of any new right in our favour. Your royal authority over us, and our connection with Great Britain, we shall always carefully and zealously endeavour to support and maintain,* while administration are endeavouring to tear asunder those ties, which have so long and happily bound us together."

On the coercive measures, adopted by the ministry, for the alarming consequences of which the real friends both of Great Britain and America began to be justly apprehensive, he expatiates pertinently as follows.

"The policy, Sir, of the measure, I can no more comprehend than I can acknowledge the justice of it. Is your force adequate to the

the attempt? I am satisfied it is not. What are your armies, and how are they to be recruited? Do you recollect that the single province of the Massachusets Bay has at this moment above thirty thousand men, well trained and disciplined, and can bring near ninety thousand into the field? They will do it, when they are fighting for their liberties. You will not be able to conquer and keep even that single province. The noble Lord proposes only ten thousand of our troops to be there, including the four regiments now going from Ireland, and he acknowledges very truly that the army cannot enforce the late act of Parliament. Why then is it sent? Boston indeed you may lay in ashes, or it may be made a strong garrison, but the province will be lost to you. Boston will be like Gibraltar. You will hold in the province of Massachusets Bay, as you do in Spain, a single town, the whole country in the power and possession of the enemy. Your fleets and armies may keep a few towns on the coast, for some time at least, Boston, New-York, St. Augustine. The vast continent of America will be lost to you. A few fortresses on the coast and some sea-ports only you will keep; all the back settlements will be independent of you, and will thrive in the rapid progression of your violences and unjust exactions on the towns. The ancient story of the Carthaginian hide will be verified as to you. Where you tread, it will be kept down, but it will rise the more in all other parts. Where your fleets and armies are stationed, the possession will be your's, but ALL THE REST will be LOST."

Whether the truth, good sense and good policy, of this speech, had any effect upon the majority of those who heard it; or whether the minister had malignly a mind to play a trick on the minority (which has absurdly impeached his *prudential* qualities at least) by shewing that he had not forgot the proverb, *fas est ab hoste doceri*; it is not for us to say: but we are happy to hear that an overture, since made by Lord North in the House of Commons, promises to accommodate matters with the Americans, without bloodshed, and to restore that amity and good fellowship, which must equally redound to the commercial interest and political happiness of the mother country and her *legitimate* (we wish we could say *natural*) children, the Colonies.

ART. XX. *The Genuine Speech of the Right Honourable John Wilkes, Esq; Lord Mayor, on the very important Subject of the Middlesex Election: delivered on Wednesday, February 22, 1775, in the House of Commons.* Folio. 6d. Snagg.

It is with pleasure we observe the farther developement and exertion of those eminent talents, for which our spirited and consistent chief-magistrate has been long distinguished; and which, by a new display of them in the field for oratorical controversy, promise to place him in the first rank for senatorial abilities. The flagrant violation of the rights of the people, in the late famous Middlesex election, could be taken up by none with so much propriety as the Lord Mayor, the member, in whose person such rights were violated. The propriety of taking it up, his Lordship hath added much propriety

in speaking to it; displaying, in its fullest light, without circumlocution or verbosity, the criminality of that violation, as a breach of the laws, an act of public injustice, and a direct attack on the constitution.—The following extract, as it does honour to the political principles of the speaker, will reflect no discredit on our Review.

“ The freedom of election is the common right of the people, their fair and just share of power, and I hold it to be the most glorious inheritance of every subject of this realm, the noblest, and I trust, the most solid part of that beautiful fabric, the English constitution. The House of Peers, in the case of Ashby and White in 1704, determined ‘ a Man has a right to his freehold by the common law; and the law having annexed his right of voting to his freehold, it is of the nature of his freehold, and must depend upon it.’ On the same occasion likewise they declared, ‘ it is absurd to say, the electors right of chusing is founded upon the law and custom of parliament. It is an original right, part of the constitution of the kingdom, as much as a parliament is, and from whence the persons elected to serve in Parliament do derive their authority, and can have no other but that which is given to them by those that have the original right to chuse them.’ The greatest law authorities, both ancient and modern, agree in opinion, that every subject in the realm, not disqualified by law, is eligible of common right. Lord Coke, Lord Chief Justice Holt, and Mr. Justice Blackstone, are the only authorities I shall cite. I regard not, Sir, the slavish courtly doctrines propagated by lawyers in either house of parliament, as to the rights of the subject, no more than I do as to what they call *high treason* and *rebellion*. Such doctrines are delivered here only to be reported elsewhere. These men have their reward. But the venal tongue of a prostitute Advocate or Judge is best answered by the wise and sober pen of the same man, when in a former cool moment, unheated by party rage or faction, after the fullest deliberation, he gave to the nation, to the present age and to posterity, a fair and impartial detail of their undoubted rights, and when he laid down in clear and express terms the plain law of the land. Lord Coke says, ‘ he which is eligible of common right, cannot be disabled by the said ordinance in parliament, unless it had been by act of Parliament.’ Lord Chief Justice Holt declares, ‘ The election of Knights belongs to the freeholders of counties, and it is an original right, vested in and inseparable from the freehold, and can no more be severed from their freehold, than their freehold itself can be taken away.’ Mr. Justice Blackstone, in the first book of his Commentaries, has the following words: ‘ Subject to these restrictions and disqualifications every subject of the realm is eligible of *common right*.’ This *common right of the subject*, Sir, was violated by the majority of the last House of Commons. This house only, without the interference of the other parts of the legislature, took upon them to *make the law*. They *adjudged me incapable* of being elected a member to serve in that parliament, although I was qualified by the law of the land. I repeat it, Sir, this violence was a direct infringement of Magna Charta, high treason against the sacred charter of our liberties. The words,

words, to which I allude, ought always to be written in letters of gold. 'No freeman shall be disseized of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, unless by the lawful judgment of his Peers, or by the law of the land.' A majority in the house assumed to themselves the power of making the law, and at the same moment invaded the rights of the people, the King and the Lords. The two last tamely acquiesced in the exercise of a power, which had been in a great instance fatal to their predecessors, had put an end to their very existence; but the people, Sir, and in particular the spirited freeholders of this county, whose ruling passion is the love of liberty, have not yet forgiven the attack on their right. So dangerous a precedent of violence and injustice, which may in future times be cited by a despotic minister of the crown, ought to be expunged from the journals of this house."

The expected fate of the motion accompanying the speech, served only to confirm the observation of another patriotic member, viz. that the present house of ——— is but an illegitimate offspring of the last.

ART. XXI. *Plan offered by the Earl of Chatham, to the House of Lords, entitled a Provisional Act, for settling the Troubles in America, and for asserting the supreme Legislative Authority and Superintending Power of Great Britain over the Colonies. Which was rejected, and not suffered to lie upon the Table.* 4to. 1s. Almon.

Rejected! and not suffered to lie upon the table!—Pray, is any thing suffered to lie upon the table after it is rejected? Why then the flimsy futile plan of Lord Chatham? especially when, (as it since appears) the minister had a plan of his own, equally futile and flimsy, in petto.—Had this celebrated statesman, who "fills such a vast space in the eye" of mankind," acted ever a consistent part in favour of the Americans, the rejecting of his plan might have been looked upon as an unmerited affront. Had he exerted himself to prevent the passing of the stamp act; or had he not exerted himself to obtain its repeal: in short, had he not, in the course of his political career, done many things he ought not to have done, and left undone those which he ought to have done, his setting sun might have descended with a radiance proportioned to its meridian brightness. But as it is, the splendid orb has lost its lustre, its path becomes dim, and we see it declining to the horizon amidst the obscurity of clouds, shadows and thick darkness.

ART. XXII. *The Annals of Administration. Containing the genuine History of Georgiana the Queen-Mother, and Prince Colonius her Son. A Biographical Fragment. Written about the Year 1575. Inscribed, by the Proprietor of the authentic Papers, to Edmund Burke, Esq.* 8vo. 1s. Bew.

Some writer, whose genius and imagination seem to have a better turn for poetry than politics, has here taken the pains to convert

* See Mr. Burke's Speech, reviewed last month.

Oculus meus, da mihi savium—

"QUANTUM INANE!"—

Bene vale, oculus mi—

PLAUT.

the state of the disputes between America and the mother-country into a kind of biographical history; which is not ill written nor unentertaining, though we conceive the political reader will gain no great information from its perusal.

ART. XXIII. *Remarks on the Patriot. Including some Hints respecting the Americans: with an Address to the Electors of Great Britain.* 8vo. 1s. Richardson and Urquhart.

After pointing out a number of inconsistencies of the author of the Patriot, and giving him a pretty severe and not unjust chastisement, for prostituting his abilities in the maintenance of an unjust cause; our remarker presents us with an observation that may serve to characterise his own performance perhaps better than we could do it in our own words.

“To those who can enjoy the mistakes of an individual of acknowledged mental superiority, it must give pleasure, to those who feel for the common fallibility of human nature, it must give pain, to remark the obvious inconsistency of this author; he asserts, that war, for disputable rights in one place, is unjustifiable, and that the promotion of it invalidates all title to the possession of patriotism; and intimates, that war, for disputable rights in another place, is justifiable, and that those who will not promote it are not patriots.”

The critical reader may discover from the quotation, that, notwithstanding the remarker may have the advantage, in point of sentiment, of the author of the Patriot, he has by no means an advantage in point of style. In some places, indeed, he is so inaccurate as to be hardly intelligible. Thus in page 3, where he casts an oblique hint on the servile attachment of placemen and pensioners, he says, “He who finds an arbitrary Prince kind to himself, will suppose him equally kind to others.” Now the writer certainly does not mean to say that, the Prince who is kind to himself must be supposed equally kind to others; yet as the word *himself* stands in the sentence, it refers to the Prince. On the whole, though the Remarker betrays himself not to be so great a writer as the learned pensioner, he appears, in a more respectable light, to be a much greater patriot.

D I V I N I T Y.

ART. XXIV. *A Liturgy on the Principles of the Christian Religion. With Services for Baptism; the Lord's Supper, Visitation of the Sick; Burial of the Dead; Prayers for a Family; and a Collection of Psalms.* Small 8vo. 3s. Kearsly.

This Liturgy, we are told, is not the work of one man; nor is it designed to serve the interest of any preacher or party. It is very pertinently observed, by the Editor, that

“Public worship is an acknowledged duty of great importance. It is not *only* a superstitious custom arising from the early mistakes of men, and therefore to be indulged to the common people, who cannot be reasoned out of their prepossessions; but it is a duty of moral obligation, and capable of being improved to moral purposes.

“There

"There is a superficial Atheism which characterises the sophists of these times. It has always followed the loss of public virtues, and contaminated the last dregs of a corrupted state. It is curious to observe, on this occasion, how extremes meet. A biggotted orthodoxy, and a profligate infidelity, have been firmly united in opposing every improvement in our religious system. The orthodox Believer thinks the Infidel his tool; the Infidel knows the Believer to be his dupe. Their different views, however, are served by the same means; and they go hand in hand with great cordiality. Religion ought to be something more than a political instrument. It was a check upon; it regulated and improved the civil constitution, *when that constitution had any principles in it which led to virtue*. It is now on an exact footing with the Excise; and all its business to be regarded and treated like the business of the Custom-house."

Speaking of the Book of Common Prayer, as altered by the late Dr. Clarke, and lately printed by Mr. Lindsey, he says,

"A copy of it in manuscript was put into my hands some years ago. I then thought the alteration so cautious and cunning, that I conceived a disadvantageous opinion of the Doctor from his manner of treating the Liturgy. It was certainly meant to appear as orthodox as possible. Trinitarians, in that manner, might have been cheated into a worship of the one God, but I think in a method totally unworthy of Doctor Clarke."

On the whole, we think this performance as little exceptionable as any thing we have seen of the kind.

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

ART. XXV. *Letters from Yorick to Eliza.* Small 8vo. 2s. Evans.

The best stroke of satire, in a late droll farce, lies in the remark, which one old miser makes to another, about the circumstance of a man's having his wealth buried with him: in which case he observes "It is not so bad a thing to die—at least the having one's money with one, must be some consolation!" This may be a little *outré* in regard to mere money; but, if the dead know any thing of what is doing among the living, it must be some consolation to an author to have his manuscripts buried with him. It would at least prevent a world of obloquy, which is now almost always thrown on writers of established reputation, by the publication of their posthumous pieces. As there is no doubt, however, of the authenticity of these letters, and the name of Yorick sounds an alarm to literary curiosity, we think it incumbent on us to give our readers a specimen of them, by inserting the three first in the collection.

"ELIZA will receive my books with this—the summons came all hot from the heart; I wish that could give them any title to be offered to yours; the others came from the head—I am more indifferent about their reception.—"

"I know not how it comes, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you.—so adieu.—Yours faithfully, if not affectionately—L—S—NE."

"I cannot

"I cannot rest, Eliza, though I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do—may thy dear face smile as thou risest, like the sun of this morning! I was much griev'd to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed too at not being let in—
 * Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician;"—the etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise; no matter, delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines—I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven, when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and will be glad to see thy—
 Nine o'clock.

BRAMIN."

"I got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I din'd; and where I was heard (as I talk'd of thee for an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three several times; and though he is now in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend, to my fair Indian disciple; and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth, as she already does in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior merit—I hope so too.

"This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and had those of the last century, Addison, Steel, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.—

"The manner in which his notice of me began was singular, as it was polite: he came up to me one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court—"I want to know you, Mr. St—ne; but it is fit you should also know who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard," continued he, "of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much: I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have surviv'd them; and despairing ever to find their equals, 'tis some years since I clos'd my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a desire in me to open them once more before I die, which I now do—so go home and dine with me.

"This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy! for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty—a disposition to be pleas'd, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which, a man of learning, courtesy and feeling—

"He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us—and a most sentimental afternoon till nine o'clock, have we pass'd! But thou, Eliza, was the star that conducted and enlighten'd the discourse! and when I talk'd not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warm every thought I utter'd! for I am not ashamed to acknowledge, I greatly miss thee—best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained all night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words—assuredly does heaven give strength proportion'd to the weight it lays upon us—Thou hast been bow'd down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart and pain of body could inflict on a poor being—and still thou tell'st me thou art beginning to get
 eate,

ease, thy fever gone—thy sickness, the pain in thy side, vanishing also—

“May every evil so vanish, that thwarts Eliza’s happiness, or but awakens her fears for a moment.—Fear nothing, my dear: hope every thing, and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted—

“And so thou hast fix’d thy Bramin’s portrait over thy writing-desk, and will consult it in all doubts and difficulties;—Grateful good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency—

“Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time, how worthy of thee!

“Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask, but a continuance of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

“May the roses come quick back to thy cheek, and the rubies to thy lips! but trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection and kiss thy pale poor dejected face, with more transport than he wou’d be able to do in the best bloom of all thy beauty—and so he ought. I pity him—he must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art—

“I am glad Miss Light goes with you, she may relieve you from many anxious moments.—

“I am glad too, that your shipmates are friendly beings—you cou’d least dispense with what is contrary to thy own nature; which is soft and gentle. Eliza, it wou’d civilize savages; tho’ pity were it, thou should’st be tainted with the office—

“How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter! ’tis most delicious to me, for the very reasons you excuse it.—

“Write to me, my child, only such; let them speak the easy cheerfulness of a heart that opens itself any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust.—

“Such, Eliza, I write to thee, and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe for I am all that honour and inclination can make me, thy
BRAMIN.”

ART. XXVI. *An Essay on the Art of News-paper Defamation, in a Letter to Mr. William Griffin, Printer and Publisher of the Morning-Post, a Master of that Art. By C. D. Piquenit. 8vo. 6d. Piquenit.*

Obscure, indeed, are they whom none abuse,

In letters, cards or paragraphs of news.

TUNER.

Time was, when, if our diurnal historians took notice of any man of middling rank in life, whether to censure or applaud (for the distinction made little difference) it was observed to give him a list in the general estimation of his acquaintance. If he were actually abused,

abused, with what satisfaction and self-complacency did he not immediately adopt,

"Back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes."—

"Abuse is the tax which the eminent pay for their pre-eminence."

"Envy doth merit as its shade pursue ;

"But, like a shadow, proves the substance true."

And a hundred other trite passages in the vulgar tongue ; or, if he had a scrap of Latin at command, with what an air of triumph did he not turn upon his heel, with "*Nil conscire sibi ; hic murus abencus esto ?*"—But really things are come to such a pass, by the indulgence given to all ranks of people with respect to this popular privilege, that a man hardly reaps any credit now-a-days by being abused in the news-papers !—It is high-time, therefore, that the art of news-paper defamation should be put a stop to ; though for a very different reason than that assigned by Mr. Piquenit. He seems to think that people may lose "their reputations" by being abused in the Morning-Post ; we, on the other hand, conceive that, if they have any reputation to lose, they must be gainers by it. To say the truth, we do not think the honour, to be thus acquired, should be, as it is, so dirt-cheap. We understand that the greatest black-guard about town can get himself abused like a lord, a member of parliament, or a minister of state, for so small a sum as five shillings. This is a shame ; it is one of the greatest of the modern abuses of the liberty of the press. These mercenary typographers should be limited by law, to the ancient custom of abusing nobody but their BETTERS !

ART. XXVII. *A Peep into the Principal Seats and Gardens in and about Twickenham, (the Residence of the Muscs) with a suitable Companion for those who wish to visit Windsor or Hampton Court. To which is added, a History of a little Kingdom on the Banks of the Thames, and its present Sovereign, his Laws, Government, &c. By a Lady of Distinction in the Republic of Letters.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Bew.

This *Peep* put us in mind of the little shew-boxes, into which young masters and misses look through a cracked spectacle-glass at the pretty pictures of the principal seats and gardens of our nobility and gentry, for so small a price as a half-penny a piece. For eighteen pence they may take a peep, at a few of them, through the shew-box of "a Lady of Distinction in the Republic of Letters." A dear bargain if the peep into one box be as satisfactory and entertaining as the other. For our parts we see little difference, and would advise both master and miss rather to lay out their money in half-penny-pictures, ginger-bread cakes and penny tarts, than in the puff-paste of Mrs. Ham. Pye.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

On mature deliberation upon the method of discharging our duty in this difficult department of our Undertaking, we have determined, as the most likely to give satisfaction to our readers and do credit to ourselves, to review only, in the course of each month, such Foreign Books as are most capital in their kind, and are actually imported into this country *: deferring a general and copious Catalogue of the rest, to an Appendix or Supplement to the work, containing also the table of Contents and Index of matter, to be annexed to each Volume and published every half-year.

ART. XXVIII. *Oeuvres Philosophiques et Mathematiques de M. G. F. 's Gravefande, Rassemblées et Publiées, par Jean Nic. Seb. Allamand, qui y a ajouté l'Histoire de la vie et des Ecrits de l'Auteur, 2 vol. 4to. Printed at Amsterdam, for Rey.—Imported by Elmsly, 18s.*

It is justly observed, by the Editor, in his preface to this publication, that Mr. 's Gravefande held so distinguished a rank among the philosophers and mathematicians of the age, that his writings have been all bought up and read with avidity. His Physics, written originally in Latin, and repeatedly translated into French and English, are in the hands of almost every man of science. A collection of his other works, though less voluminous, yet not less interesting, disseminated in literary journals, and lost to the public in pamphlets, no longer to be met with at the booksellers, was become, therefore, an object the more desirable, as it was difficult to be obtained. It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, Mr. Allamand, the author's disciple and friend, with whom his unpublished manuscripts were also deposited, should be prevailed on to engage in the agreeable and useful task of this publication.

The account of Mr. 's Gravefande's life and writings, which is prefixed, is, however, not new; M. Allamand, who was also the editor of Prosper Marchand's Biographical Dictionary, published in 1759, having inserted it in that work.—The pieces, which were never before published, and therefore more immediately claim our attention, are the Metaphysical Essays, contained in the second part of the present posthumous Miscellany. Of these it has been justly observed, that "they are some of the most interesting and excellent performances that ever have appeared on the difficult and important

* Resolving to take no abstract on trust from French Journalists, nor to give an account of books we have not actually read; as it hath been asserted, is frequently done in other Reviews.—This will possibly be denied by those, whose interest it is to conceal the practice; as they may think themselves secure of detection. But the proof of it, *saute aux yeux* (as the French say) in one of the late Reviews.—The Reviewer, speaking of Mr. De Luc's Treatise on the Atmosphere, says, "M. De Luc *parts* from this well known *postulatum*, &c."—Now, we will venture to say no Englishman, without having lost sight of his native idiom by attending to the French, could use the word *part* in the sense here intended.—Some French Journalist certainly wrote "*M. de Luc part de ce principe*," that is, *sets out on this principle*, and the Reviewer, inattentive to his subject as well as to the meaning of the French verb *partir*, fell into the above mistake.

subjects therein treated." As the original productions of so great a philosopher, we shall give our readers, therefore, a few extracts. The first we shall take from his second essay, on the very curious subjects of *cause* and *effect*.

"The word *cause* is equivocal; but I shall not detain the reader to explain the different senses, or to enumerate the different epithets annexed to the word. I take it in its proper sense, and understand by *cause*, that which being admitted, the effect follows, *quo ponitur effectus*, in such a manner, that there must be a necessary relation between *cause* and *effect*.

"This is a continuation of the definition, and, in order to avoid all equivocation. I declare I shall not use the word *cause* in any other sense.

"By *necessary* relation, I understand that, of which the contrary involves a self-contradiction: so that, to say that a thing is necessary what it is, is to say that it would be a contradiction in terms it should be otherwise.

"By *effect*, I understand every thing that does not exist essentially, or of itself.

"Every thing I take in its most general sense, as substance, attribute, modification, change, determination, relation, &c.

"These are only the definitions of words. Let us enter on the matter.

"It is necessary, first of all, to shew that, in taking the words *cause* and *effect*, in the sense above laid down, we must look upon it as an axiom that *every effect has a cause*.

"The plainest things in the world have been often confounded by philosophers: for which reason I must here be more explicit than the subject seems to require.

"I say, in the first place, every effect supposes the existence of something, by which it is produced.

"Every thing that exists, either exists of itself or not of itself: now the definition of an effect excludes that which exists essentially and of itself.

"Every thing that does not exist of itself, either exists by something else, or not by any thing else; but that which does not exist by itself nor by any thing else, exists by nothing; that is, does not exist at all. For to impute an effect to nothing, is to affirm something concerning it, which is to call nothing really something. For that of which we can affirm any thing is not nothing. Every thing, therefore, which does not exist of itself, exists by something else; so that every effect must be produced by an existing something.

"In the second place, I say, that this something, productive of an effect, is a *cause*, by which the said effect is necessarily produced."

Our Author proceeds to illustrate this by examples, that might be tedious to the reader, and are the less necessary as they are so explicit as to be incontrovertible. The conclusion, he deduces, is this, that "the relation between *cause* and *effect* is necessary and thence reciprocal.—In admitting the effect, says he, "we suppose the *cause* by which it is necessarily produced; as in admitting the *cause* we necessarily suppose

pose the effect : from which we draw this conclusion, that the cause of the cause is the cause of the effect. *Quod est causa cause, est causa causati.*—

“ From these simple principles, we deduce one of the most important consequences, viz. that nothing exists which is not necessarily such as it is. To deduce this consequence, however, it must be remarked that every thing that is, exists of itself or it has been produced : that is, it has been produced, or it has not been produced.

“ That which has not been produced, exists of itself, and because it is a contradiction in terms that it should not exist, its essence being to exist, of consequence it exists necessarily or has a necessary existence.

“ That which has been produced hath a cause, which hath not been produced ; otherwise recurring back from cause to cause, nothing would be the cause of an effect. Every thing therefore which has been produced, has been produced necessarily by some cause, which of itself necessarily exists.”

These positions our metaphysician proceeds to illustrate and enforce, by replying to the various objections that might plausibly be started against them.

In his next essay, the Author treats of intelligent being in general : in doing which he is somewhat singular in his acceptance of terms and his definitions.

“ By an *intelligent being*, says he, I mean a being that has ideas, and is capable of comparing those ideas together : which supposes, at least some kind of memory.

“ To treat of an intelligent being, merely as such, it is necessary to examine what results from the definition of intelligence, and what we can prove to be applicable to every being, with which that definition agrees. A being that hath ideas, and compares them, must from that very circumstance perceive that it hath ideas, and of consequence be sensible of its own existence.

“ Every being, sensible of its own existence, and having the idea of two different situations, may prefer the one to the other ; that is to say, being in one he may chuse to remain as he is, though he has the power given him to pass into the other, or he may pass into the other, if he should give it the preference.

“ *To will* is the act of an intelligent being, by which he prefers one state to another.

“ It will be seen with a very little attention that this definition answers exactly to what is called *will*. If I should desire that any external object should subsist, or be disposed in a certain particular manner, it would be because I should prefer my situation if such a thing were disposed in such particular manner, to the situation I am in without the idea of that disposition.

“ *Happiness* is the state of a being which is sensible of its own existence, and prefers that existence to non-existence ; that is to say, which would continue to exist, though it had the power to put an end to that existence.

" *Misery* is the state of a being, which is sensible of its own existence, and would cease to exist if it could deprive itself of such existence.

" The degree of happiness is by so much the greater, as the greater is the change required to be effected in the happy Being to destroy its happiness. The same may be said of misery. My view in these definitions is to develop the sense commonly annexed to the words Happiness and Misery; our notions of which are often very confused."

Our Author proceeds to elucidate these definitions, by adducing popular applications equally pertinent and convincing; but the little room, to which we must this month confine our foreign article, obliges us to defer the pursuit of the writer's argument to a farther account of the work in our next Review.

ART. XXIX *Histoire Naturelle, Générale et Particulière, Servant de suite à la Théorie de la Terre, & d'Introduction à l'Histoire des Minéraux.* Par M. le Comte de Buffon, Intendant du Jardin du Roi, l'Académie Française, de celle des Sciences, &c. Supplément, Tome Premier. 4to a Paris de l'Imprimerie Royal. Imported by Elmsly. Price 18s.

This volume is the first of a supplement, intended to be continued, to Mr. Buffon's voluminous and celebrated Natural History; in which supplement it appears the author means to collect the several corrections, illustrations, and additions, which he conceives necessary to the elucidation and perfection of his work.

The contents of this first supplementary volume are partly elementary, and partly experimental. The former consisting of 1st, a Dissertation on Light, Heat, and Fire; 2dly, On Air, Water, and Earth; and, 3dly, Reflections on the Laws of Attraction.

In the first, he observes, that the powers of nature, as far as they are hitherto known, may be reduced to two primitive forces; that which causes gravity, and that which produces heat. The force of impulsion, says he, is subordinate to these, and depends on the first for its particular effects, and on the second for its effect in general. The force of impulsion cannot act but from that of elasticity, nor elasticity be exerted without having recourse to the aid of attraction: for if bodies should cease to attract each other, should they lose their force of cohesion, would not all elasticity be destroyed, all communication of motion be interrupted, all impulse be at an end?

It is a whimsical revolution that has happened within almost half a century in the physical notions of our volatile neighbours the French. Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy was, for a long time, exploded, and his doctrine of attraction rejected as chimerical, because there was no evident mechanical process between the cause and effect. They would not allow that two bodies could act on each other at a distance, without the assistance of some intermediate medium or agent. But since it has become notorious, that our great philosopher meant by *attraction* an effect only; whereas *cause*, he admitted, was most probably a more general principle of *impulsion*, the tables, we find, are turned, and all material impulse must with them be the effect of attraction!

Whether

Whether it proceeds from a scientific pride, or a vain affectation of originality, we shall not take upon us to conjecture; but it is remarkable that, of truths too irrefragable to be disputed, and discoveries too important not to be adopted, philosophers of different countries will aim at making them their own by a different mode of adoption. Thus it hath been frequently thrown out, of late years, in the writings of the English and Dutch philosophers, that *body* itself, as well as light, heat, colour, &c. is a mere phenomenon, and that absolutely extended, inert, impenetrable, and incompressible matter, does not exist as an element *sui generis* in nature; but that the appearances of such inert, impenetrable matter, is the mechanical effect of more general impulsive elements. Apparently convinced of the fact, yet as averse to admit it, for the reasons given, as his countrymen were to adopt the Newtonian doctrine of attraction, our author advances a curious argument in favour of the non-existence of such matter, on reasons apparently opposite. It may be demonstrated, says he, that a body perfectly hard and inflexible, must be absolutely immovable, and incapable of being put in motion by any other moving bodies; so that, as we find by experience that all bodies are moveable, and capable of being moved by other moving bodies, there exists no such thing as a solid, inert, inflexible body in nature. The conclusion we conceive to be true; but how is it inferred, and what is the demonstration of our author? Neither more nor less than a mere *petitio* shall *cipii*. We shall give it our readers in the words of one of his particular friends, whom he styles “un homme d’un excellent esprit,” and from whom he tells us he received the following letter on the subject.—“De la supposition de l’immobilité absolue des corps absolument durs, il suit qu’il ne faudroit peut-être qu’un peid cube de cette matière pour arrêter tout le mouvemen de l’Univers connu: & si cette immobilité absolue étoit prouvée, il semble que ce n’est point assez de dire, qu’il n’existe point de ces corps dans la Nature, & qu’on peut les traiter d’impossibles, & dire que la supposition de leur existence est absurde; car le mouvement provenant du ressort leur ayant été refusé, ils ne peuvent dès-lors être capables du mouvement provenant de l’attraction, qui est par l’hypothèse la cause du ressort.”

What is this but taking that for granted which should have been proved, and founding an argument on a new supposition?—But to pursue this subject farther, at present it will lead us greater lengths than we can conveniently go: we must, therefore, beg leave to defer the prosecution of it to our next month’s Review.

LIST of BOOKS and PAMPHLETS,

Published in the course of the Month, of which a farther account is deferred.

We are pleased to find that the reasons, we gave in our first number, for giving the earliest notice of literary publications, have proved so satisfactory as to induce the editors or authors, of most of those which have been published during the course of the present month, to transmit them to our hands. Some indeed came too late for insertion in the present, but shall certainly have place in our next list. Our

readers may depend that, in justice to ourselves and the public, we shall keep this list as accurate as possible; and that, should any publication escape our attention, the bookseller and author, at least, shall have no cause of complaint; as they may be certain of preventing its omission in our list, by sending us in time the proper notice requested. We have to thank, also, the authors of several valuable books presented us; which were published, however, too long before our Review commenced, to admit of our particularly noticing them with propriety*.

ART. 30. *An Essay on Public Happiness, investigating the State of Human Nature, under each of its particular Appearances, through the several Periods of History to the present Times*, 2 vol. 8vo. 12s. Cadell.

A well executed translation of a French work entitled *De la Félicité Publique*, written, as we are informed, by the Chevalier de Chatellur an officer in the French service. Some years ago appeared a tract under the title of *Traité sur la bonheur public*, a translation of Muratori's *Treatise Della Publica Felicità*; of which, however, the Author of the present tract declares he was entirely ignorant, till after he had composed his own.

ART. 31. *Miscellaneous Dissertations on Rural Subjects. Illustrated with Copper-plates*. 8vo. 5s. Robinson.

Apparently useful, original tracts, of which we shall give a particular account in our next.

ART. 32. *Political Disquisitions: or, an Enquiry into Public Errors, Defects, and Abuses. Illustrated by, and established upon, Facts and Remarks extracted from a variety of Authors, ancient and modern. Calculated to draw the timely Attention of Government and People to a due Consideration of the necessity, and the Means of reforming those Errors, Defects, and Abuses; of restoring the Constitution, and saving the State*. Vol. III. 8vo. 6s. Dilly.

* We have made an exception indeed in favour of the *Memoirs of the General Dispensary*, wishing to recommend that benevolent and charitable institution. We are also farther indebted to the writer of the following card; whose publication we presume the writer intended: as otherwise the obliging example he means to set to other writers would in fact prove no example at all.

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE LONDON REVIEW.

Perhaps the Gentlemen who conduct the London Review do not mean to extend their attention to a publication so stale as that which accompanies this note. Yet it was not until last December*, the fifth month after the appearance of the work, that the Monthly Reviewers were pleased to take notice of it; and the Critical Reviewers have not yet mentioned it. The author of it can assert that his chief reason for sending it to the London Reviewers is to set to other writers the example of lightening the expence to which the Criticisers of Books must constantly be put when those books are not given to them. They are presents which cannot be supposed to fetter the freedom of opinion. If, because he had received them, the Reviewer were to bestow one groundless compliment, or deviate in the least from the just severity of censure, he would be as contemptible as the Author, who, because he had presented them, expected to purchase false praises, or to escape deserved reproaches.

February 18th, 1775.

* Our Correspondent appears to have fallen into a little mistake here; the work in question was noticed in the Monthly Review for November.

This

This valuable compilation being now compleated, we shall take the earliest opportunity of speaking of it as it deserves.

- ART. 33. *Prestwich's Dissertation on Mineral, Animal and Vegetable Poisons.* 8vo. 6s. Newbery.
- ART. 34. *A Treatise of a Cataract, its Nature, Species, Causes and Symptoms, with a distinct Representation of the Operations by Couching and Extraction. Illustrated with Plates.* By George Chandler, Surgeon. 2s. 6d. Cadell.
- ART. 35. *An Essay on the Pestilential Fever of Sydenham, commonly called the Gaol, Hospital, Ship, and Camp Fever.* By William Grant, M.D. Author of the *Observations on Fevers.* 3s. Cadell.
- ART. 36. *A Short and Easy Introduction to Heraldry* By Hugh Clark and Thomas Wormull, Engravers. Small 8vo. 2s. Shropshire.
- ART. 37. *The History of the Colony of Massachusetts's Bay, from the first Settlement thereof in 1628, until its Incorporation with the Colony of Plymouth, Province of Main, &c. by the Charter of King William and Queen Mary in 1691.* By Mr. Hutchinson, Lieutenant Governor of the Massachusetts's Province. Large 8vo. 2 vol. 12s. Robinson.
- ART. 38. *The Accidence; or First Rudiments of English Grammar. Designed for the Use of Young Ladies.* By A Lady. 1s. 6d. Beacroft.
- ART. 39. *Observations on the prevailing Abuses in the British Army, arising from the Corruption of the Civil Government; with a Proposal to the Officers towards obtaining an Addition to their Pay.* By the Hon. ———, an Officer. 1s. 6d. Davies.
- ART. 40. *An Essay on Sacrifice.* By the Rev. Joseph Wise, Rector of Penhurst, in Suffex. 1s. Donaldson.
- ART. 41. *Ode Pindarica, pro Cambriæ Vertibus. Latino Carmine reddita Cantabrigiæ.* 6d. Rivington.
- ART. 42. *A Letter to the People of Great Britain. In answer to that published by the American Congress.* 1s. Newbery.
- ART. 43. *The Genius of Ireland. A New Year's Gift to Lord Clare; in Return to his Lordship's to the Queen.* 1s. Wilkie.
- ART. 44. *The Story of Æneas and Dido, Burlesqued. From the Fourth Book of the Æneid of Virgil.* 1s. 6d. Knox.
- ART. 45. *A Letter to those Ladies whose Husbands possess a Seat in either House of Parliament.* 6d. Almon.
- ART. 46. *A Speech in the Lower House of Convocation, on Monday, January 23, 1773.* By the Rev. James Ibbetson, D.D. Archdeacon of St. Alban's, 6d. White.
- ART. 47. *An Humble Address to the King, concerning the Dearness of Provisions and Emigrations. The Causes and evil Consequences thereof, and some Proposals to remedy the same.* 1s. Wilkie.
- ART. 48. *Tract V. The Respective Pleas and Arguments of the Mother Country, and of the Colonies distinctly set forth; and the Impossibility of a Compromise of Differences, or a mutual Con-*
cession

cession of Rights, plainly demonstrated with a Prefatory Epistle to the Plenipotentiaries of the late Congress at Philadelphia. By Josiah Tucker, D. D. Dean of Gloucester. 8vo. 1s. Cadell.

Of this, with the Dean's preceding tracts, a farther account in our next.

ART. 49. *Travels through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the Years in 1759 and 1760. With Observations upon the State of the Colonies. By the Rev. Andrew Burnaby, Vicar of Greenwich, 4to. 3s. 6d. Payne.*

Of this work, in our next.

ART. 50. *The Modish Wife. A Comedy. 8vo. 2s. Evans.*

ART. 51. *Archdeacon Blackburne's Four Discourses, delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, in the Years 1767, 1769, 1771, and 1773. 8vo. 3s. Wilkie.*

ART. 52. *A Sermon preached at the Funeral of Mr. Abraham Donn. By James Hervey, A.M. 8vo. 6d. Law.*

ART. 53. *Twenty Sermons on different Subjects. By the late Dr. Lawson, of Trinity College, Dublin. 8vo. 5s. Knox.*

ART. 54. *A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, on Saturday, November 5, 1774. By John Hey, B.D. Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, and one of the Preachers at his Majesty's Chapel at Whitehall. 1s. Beacroft.*

ART. 55. *A Sermon preached before the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in the Abbey Church of Westminster, on Monday, January 30, 1775, being the Day appointed to be observed as the Day of the Martyrdom of King Charles the First. By Brownlow, Lord Bishop of Worcester. 1s. Robson.*

ART. 56. *Concio ad Clerum in Synodo Provinciali Cantuariensis Provinciae, ad D. Pauli, Die XX Januari, A.D. M,DCC,LXXV. Habita a Johanne Butler, LL.D. Archidiacono Surreyensi, Regri a Sacris Jussu Reverendissimi, Accedit Gratiuncula. 4to. 1s. Doddsley.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE LONDON REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

It has been long a custom with the *Reviewers*, which I see you have also adopted, to introduce occasional scraps of Latin, and sometimes Greek, in your criticisms; doubtless with a view to strike the ignorant part of your readers with awe, and to give others an high opinion of your learning. Nothing, however, is so pedantic as impertinent quotations, or more ridiculous than inapplicable citation. I am induced to trouble you with this friendly reprehension, on account of the application you made in your Review of Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides, of the *difficile est propriè communia dicere* of Horace. I remember that Ruffhead, in his Life of Pope, fell into the same misapplication, respecting a line or two in that author's Rape

Rape of the Lock. I suppose he was misled, as you may probably have been, by attending to some of our printed English translations of the Latin poet, rather than to the original. Stirling, I think, translates this sentence thus: "It is difficult to treat of common subjects properly." By *common* subjects, meaning such as are ordinary, mean, or familiar, conformably to the interpretation of the author of certain poetical prælections. "Difficile quidam esse propriè communia dicere, hoc est, materiam vulgarem, notam, et è medio petitam ita immutare atque exornare, ut nova et scriptori propria videatur, ultro concedimus; et maximi procul dubio ponderis ista est observatio." Now this *weighty* observation appears to me very light and frothy; a much more accurate scholiast giving a different sense to the word *communia*, in the above passage. "Communias hoc loco, says he, appellat Horatius argumenta fabularum à nullo adhuc tractata et ita, quæ cuivis exposita sunt et in medio quodammodo posita quasi vacua et a nemine occupata." You will see, gentlemen, that you have used this passage improperly, to signify the common and trivial objects of observation treated by Dr. Johnson. You will be-ware of these slips in future.

London, Feb. 10.

I am yours, &c. ARISTARCHUS.*

* We are obliged to Aristarchus for his admonition; but admitting the justice of his interpretation of the passage in question, we conceive, that, as abstracted from the context, it is somewhat equivocal, and has been often applied in the same manner, we were not restrained from making the like use of it. After all, perhaps, our correspondent took this opportunity of carping at our supposed display of scholarship, only to make a parade of his own, which he has done at very little expence of erudition; his whole remark, if we mistake not, being almost literally borrowed from Dr. Hurd's Judicious Commentary.

TO THE LONDON REVIEWERS.

MESSIEURS,

The indulgence granted to your correspondent Mr. Seton, of criticising freely on the works of so capital a character in the world of letters as Lord Chesterfield, encourages me to send you a few strictures on the language of another writer of no little eminence, though in a less popular way. This is the learned and ingenious Dr. Hugh Hamilton, professor of philosophy in the university of Dublin; who, in his Introductory Lectures on Natural Philosophy, lately published, pretends to demonstrate that one moving body in striking against another, will, in certain circumstances, give to that other a greater quantity of motion than it, before their collision, possessed itself. For, says the learned doctor, "a body is properly enough said to *lose more motion than it had* in a certain direction, when its motion is destroyed, and it is made to move in a contrary direction." But while I remember the ancient philosophical adage, *nil dat quod non habet*, I cannot acquiesce in the propriety of saying (at least on this side St. George's Channel) that any body can, in any circumstances, give *more* of any thing to *another* than it *has itself*. Besides, if the doctor's experiment be true, that an increase of motion is the consequence of collision, there would be a real *generation* of motion

in

in the conflict of bodies, which might be augmented *ad infinitum*, and even the perpetual motion would be practicable, which is universally known to be impossible.

A. B.*

* The above expression of Dr. Hamilton's taken in a popular sense, is certainly exceptionable: but, had our correspondent been accustomed to the use of negative quantities in algebraical operations, &c. he would not have taken offence at it. The doctor's experiments are accurate, and his inferences just, whatever conclusions may result from them in regard to a problem, that is more talked of than understood. Indeed we know too little concerning the laws of collision and percussion, to affirm its solution to be either impossible or impracticable.

TO THE LONDON REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

The very injurious treatment, which one of your colleagues met with from the town last winter, by its suffering the suppression of as good a comedy as *this* age has produced, suggested, on seeing his name prefixed to your Review, the following fable; to which, if it be either pertinent or poetical enough to merit your attention, I hope you will give it a place, among your other correspondence.

London, Feb. 3. 1775.

Yours, &c.

W. W—Y.*

* We should ill return the compliment this correspondent has paid our colleague, did not comply with his request; a consideration which, we hope, will secure us from the imputation of impertinently recording our own praise.

THE CAMOMILE AND TRAMPLERS.

A F A B L E.

How oft we slight, less wise than nice,
The best assistance and advice!
Who reprehension doth bestow,
Or right or wrong, suppos'd a foe!
Yet, justly if he reprehend,
The *seeming* foe's a REAL FRIEND.

Near the Castalian fountain head,
A *Camomile's* luxuriant bed,
With "purging Euphrasy and Rue,"*
For salutary purpose grew;
For, knowing what his children wanted,
PHOEBUS himself the herb had planted;
Prescrib'd it for the spleenful fits
Of foolish, freakish, wayward wits;
For after-pains of female travail,
Inflations, heart-burns, wind and gravel;
Prescrib'd it, as a sovereign good,
For cold, coagulated, blood
Of costive bards, whose lab'ring brains
Feel the dry gripes and spastic pains;
Resolving many a hard-bound line
With this emollient anodyne.—
Yet, notwithstanding such its use,
It grew the subject of abuse;
The sons and daughters of Apollo
Still cursing it, when doom'd to swallow;
Swearing, protesting, one and all,
'Twas downright quintessence of gall.

On this, conspiring, they agreed
To tread to earth the noxious weed;
The boys their books, the girls their
sampler

Threw all away, to turn its tramlers.
They trod with all their might and main,
And stamp'd and trod and stamp'd again;
With pointed heel, each female flurt
Its fibres bruising in the dirt:
Then, dancing all, in triumph, round,
They left it, level'd with the ground.

But, Lo! the next refreshing rain,
Jove kindly shower'd upon the plain,
Again its verdant foliage spread,
Again its flow'rets rear'd their head;
(Its roots no Trampler's tread could sever)
And prov'd more sanative than ever.

KENRICK, accept these tell-tale
rhimes,

That speak thy treatment from the times;
Emblem of thee, assail'd by wits,
The *Camomile* thy case befits:
Like *that* we see thee raise thy crest,
And flourish more, as more oppress'd.
Go on; the *Critic's* pow'r exert;
Nor wits, nor fools can do thee hurt:
Wholesome, tho' bitter, is thy pill;
And PHOEBUS shall protect thee still.†

W. W—Y.

* See Milton.

† *Te servabit Apollo.*

HOR.